

DateLine

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA

1972

人民日报

1972年2月22日 星期一 第三版

毛泽东主席会见尼克松总统

同他进行了认真、坦率的谈话。基辛格博士、周恩来总理等参加会见

新华社北京二十一日专电 毛泽东主席二十一日上午九时在北京人民大会堂会见了美国尼克松总统。这是中美关系正常化以来，两国最高领导人第一次正式会晤。会见是在毛泽东主席的寓所内举行的。尼克松总统在基辛格博士陪同下，由专机从北京首都机场到达人民大会堂。毛泽东主席在人民大会堂东门外广场迎接尼克松总统。尼克松总统在基辛格博士陪同下，由专机从北京首都机场到达人民大会堂。毛泽东主席在人民大会堂东门外广场迎接尼克松总统。尼克松总统在基辛格博士陪同下，由专机从北京首都机场到达人民大会堂。

美国总统尼克松昨日到达北京

周总理设宴欢迎尼克松总统和夫人

新华社北京二十一日专电 美国总统尼克松和夫人于二十一日下午二时由北京首都机场到达人民大会堂。周恩来总理和夫人设宴欢迎尼克松总统和夫人。尼克松总统在基辛格博士陪同下，由专机从北京首都机场到达人民大会堂。毛泽东主席在人民大会堂东门外广场迎接尼克松总统。尼克松总统在基辛格博士陪同下，由专机从北京首都机场到达人民大会堂。

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PRAISE (?) FROM PRAVDA

ИНТЕРВЬЮ С ФАРАОНОМ ФЕЛЬЕТОН

«На днях старший редактор журнала «Ньюсвек» Арnaud де Борчгрейв взял в Каире интервью у фараона Рамзеса II. Ниже следует текст беседы...»

Не удивлюсь, если в ближайшем номере американского еженедельника «Ньюсвек» появится такое необычайное известие. Потому что для длинного редактора де Борчгрейва нет нестоящих заданий. Если редакция ему прикажет, то неутомимый журналист возьмет интервью у фараонов, многодетного возраста, а если надо, то и у сфинкса. Если ради интервью придется пролезть через ухо верблюда и вылезти через другое, сложится перочинным ножиком и спрячется под пельменницей на письменном столе, де Борчгрейв и это сможет. Даже интервью с

фараоном или сфинксом непременно будет иметь антикоммунистический и антиарабский привкус: на писании подобных материалов сочинитель набил руку.

Необычайные способности Арнода де Борчгрейва видны по его фантастическому репортажу из Каира, опубликованному в «Ньюсвек» 28 февраля. Судя по корреспонденции, журналист прятался в карманах египетских министров и генералов, в блокнотах тамошних редакторов и в туфельках дам. Иначе откуда бы ему почерпнуть столь умопомрачительные новости? С авторитетнейшим видом он оповещает читателей о сокровенных мыслях, которыми делятся между собой арабские деятели. Ему, видите ли, доподлинно известно, что скаподинный министр группы офицеров за закрытой дверью,

что поведал редактор газеты своей жене за утренним кофе и что происходит на каирских встречах с иностранными гостями. И оказывается, все это негласные разговоры идут на непонятные темы — о «похолодании» в советско-египетских отношениях. Внешняя политика СССР вызывает де «недовольство и раздражение» у неких авионных арабов.

Но попробуйте спросить у де Борчгрейва, в чем же заключается это «недовольство и раздражение», — и он тотчас разразится, как зажеванный пельмень, на той же небольшой корреспонденции, размышляя о «недостаточности» советской помощи АРЕ, а через несколько абзацев, позабыв написанное самим собой, признает жизненную важность помощи в поддержке Советского Союза Египту. В одном из абзацев репортажа и том же абзаце репортажа утверждается, будто «некоторые египтяне» рассчитывают на поддержку дяди Сама и «подобрание» тель-авивских агрессоров, и тотчас же признается: ни на какое возмездие антиарабской позиции из израильских захватчиков и их заокеанских покровителей рассчитывать не приходится.

Зачем де Борчгрейву понадобились такие заячки пельи? Это становится предельно ясно в самом конце его репортажа. Отбросив показное сочувствие к арабам, сочинитель из «Ньюсвек» цинично заявляет: позиция Каира, мол, «слаба», да и сама АРЕ «слишком слаба» и потому де

будет хватать... и бросать их за решету без суда и следствия на основании «законов о чрезвычайных полномочиях».

«единственный выход» для Египта — пасть на колени перед израильскими оккупантами и уступить захватническим притязаниям Тель-Авива. Безудержная дезинформация, как видно, понадеявшись на выдуманный для того, чтобы бросить тень на неизменную поддержку Советским Союзом арабского освободительного движения, а заодно и грубо шантажировать египетский народ.

Эти грязные цели оправдывают все невероятные средства. «Требуется новая корреспонденция из Каира, Арнод де Борчгрейв, редактор «Ньюсвек» Осборн Эллотт и через день неунывающий де Борчгрейв перелает по телефону интервью с Рамзесом II в сфинксом.

Н. САБЛИН.

INTERVIEW WITH A PHAROAH

“Recently NEWSWEEK Senior Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave interviewed in Cairo Pharoah Ramses II. Following is the text of the interview...

“I shouldn't be surprised if I see in the next issue of the American magazine NEWSWEEK such an extraordinary report because there are no impossible assignments for the dashing Editor de Borchgrave. Given the editorial board's order, this indefatigable journalist will interview a Pharoah thousands of years old and, if need be, the Sphinx.

“If for the sake of an interview he is required to get into a camel's ear and out the other one, to fold up like a pen knife or hide under an ashtray, de Borchgrave can do that, too. And no doubt even an interview with a Pharoah or the Sphinx will smack of anti-Communism and anti-Arabism, for the writer is an old hand at this sort of thing.

“Arnaud de Borchgrave's extraordinary gifts are revealed by his fantastic report published in NEWSWEEK Feb. 28th. Judging by that report, de Borchgrave was hiding in the pockets of Egyptian cabinet ministers, in the writing pads of editors there, and in ladies' shoes. If otherwise, where did he get such astounding news tidbits from? With an authoritative air he informs the readers of the innermost thoughts which Arab leaders share among themselves. He knows for certain, you see, what the War Minister told a group of officers behind closed doors, and what a newspaper editor told his wife at morning coffee, and what takes place at Cairo meetings with foreign guests...”

Newsweek

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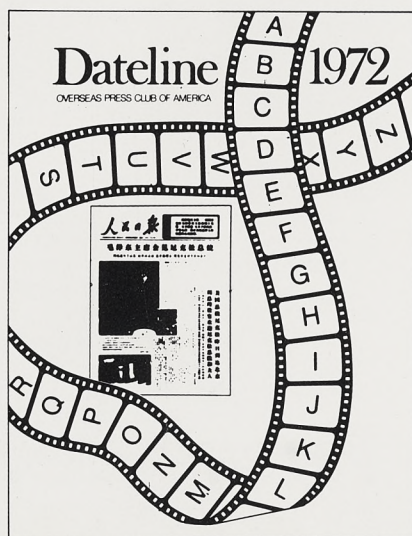
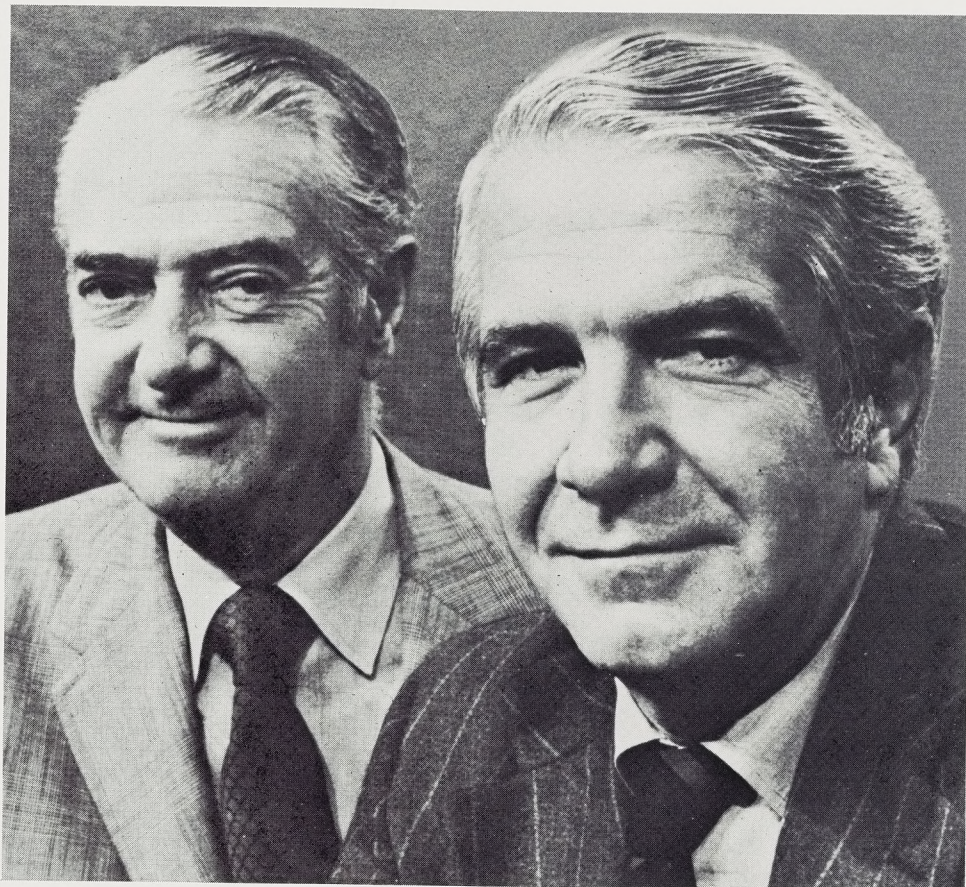


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**Howard K. Smith and
Harry Reasoner on
the ABC Evening News.**



**Weeknights on the
ABC Television Network.**





*Sometimes you don't want a picture to move.
Sometimes you want it to stand still,
so you can find out how you feel about it.*

LIFE

Their awards Times readers' rewards



Tillman Durdin Neil Sheehan Sydney H. Schanberg Leonard Silk Don Kirk

The New York Times has won the Overseas Press Club Award for the best daily newspaper or wire service photographic reporting from abroad. Coverage came from every continent and ranged in subject matter from natural disasters to war to peace demonstrations to meetings between heads of state to labor strikes to the problems of the elderly to scientific expeditions to the international monetary crisis.

Leonard Silk of The New York Times has won the Overseas Press Club Bache Award for the best business news reporting from abroad in any medium. His prize-winning story was "The International Money Crisis."

Sydney H. Schanberg of The New York Times has won the Overseas Press Club Award for the best daily newspaper or wire service reporting from abroad. He gave incisive eyewitness accounts of the India-Pakistan war.

Neil Sheehan of The New York Times and the staff of The Times have won an Overseas Press Club Special Citation for interpretation of foreign affairs. Mr. Sheehan obtained and reported on the Pentagon Papers, the Defense Department's secret study of the Vietnam war.

Tillman Durdin of The New York Times has won an Overseas Press Club Citation for the best report on Asia in any medium. He returned to Red China after 20 years and described present-day life there.

Don Kirk, writing for The New York Times Magazine, has won the Overseas Press Club Award for the best magazine reporting from abroad. His articles were "Who Wants to Be the Last American Killed in Vietnam?" and "Why They Call Lon Nol 'the Mayor of Phnompenh.'"

Special efforts. Special achievements. Special awards. Special assurance that its readers find more rewarding reading every day in

The New York Times



*Outgoing OPC President
Will Oursler, left, hands over
to new President Jack Raymond*

Our new watering place...



*Early lunch time in the
correspondents' grill of the new
club at 1271 Avenue of the
Americas, central Manhattan*



Shiny new kitchen



At the bar



In the library

President's Statement: 1972

As I reached the closing weeks of my term as president of the Overseas Press Club, I found myself concerned deeply with certain basic concepts, ideas and activities that involve the future of our Club.

We are an overseas, internationally-oriented press club. We are at the same time sufficiently sophisticated to be aware that the derring-do days of Richard Harding Davis are no longer with us. We live in the jet-propelled era of reportage both here and abroad. Yet the business of finding the facts and reporting the facts and the truths to the American public and to the world remains our first and our continuing obligation. The purposes of the press have not changed from the earliest cave man's smoke signals to the latest electronic news flash from our space probes off Mars or Venus.

What is new in the news, particularly in America, is the challenge. From many quarters, including high government sources, there has developed a constant din of the attacking forces, forces of the extremes on left and right—most particularly, in recent years, from the latter. These forces do not approve of the American press. They would like to tell us how to write our stories, what to play up and what to play down, what to keep out and what to let in. It is up to us, the press—whether it is daily newspapers, radio, television, magazines, books or journalistic films—to make sure that we report the truth regardless of anyone on the outside who tries to stop us.

The Overseas Press Club has a very wide and heterogeneous membership deeply involved with the freedom of the press. We have first of all a long tradition of our overseas membership, the press corps that reaches from here to London, to Paris, to Rome, to Athens, across the world to Peking and Taiwan, Indonesia and Australia, the Pacific area and all the world of South America and Central America. It is a small but vital corps of correspondents, many of whom are among our members. Their role is often the difference between darkness and sunlight, between lies and truth.

Our membership also includes many on the home front: writers, editors, publishers, whose job is to sift through all available information, to get the truth to the best of their ability and to make sure that that truth reaches the public and the world.

But overseas on these far frontiers as well as on the nearby frontiers of our own continent, we find ourselves in a new and different struggle to preserve truths for which our members have died on many fields of battle. This is the message today—from friends and associates who have given their lives for their right to seek the truth—the message of Robert Capa, of Dickey Chapelle, of Maggie Higgins, and so many others. More recently it has been the courage of a Jack Anderson, a newspaper man who challenged the machinery of the whole



American government itself on behalf of the public's right to know.

The challenge is particularly important because of what the club itself can be in this struggle. For we are the open forum, we are a unique avenue and bridge between press and public. Through Victor Riesel, our Freedom of the Press chairman, we have a spokesman diligently working to protect the rights of press freedom wherever it is seriously challenged. Through our open platform policy we give voice to all sides of the problems of the press and its related activities. The forums the club provides range from our world-wide regional dinners to individual press conferences covering everything from the war fronts abroad to the peace fronts at home, from the centers of power and great wealth to the riot-haunted reports of the poor and despoiled and starving—here and abroad.

All these facets of our profession make us a unique forum of the press, nationally and internationally. We must be continually concerned and identified with the issues of our times. We must be an active participant and play our role honorably in dealing with these issues. We must face the fact that we have the right and the sacred obligation to be the impartial forum for these life and death issues in today's world.

But above all else, we must be ready to defend our right to present all the uncomfortable truths. For these truths which many do not like to see published in our news columns or hear broadcast over our electronic media are our franchise and our continuing guarantee of freedom for all our people—even those who disagree most strongly with these words.

If we lost one shred of this sacred heritage of press freedom, we lose all else. We must not and cannot let that happen.

Will Oursler

It was a year of send-offs...

*The President and Mrs. Nixon saw their daughter,
Tricia, off from the White House
as the newly wed Mrs. Edward Cox*



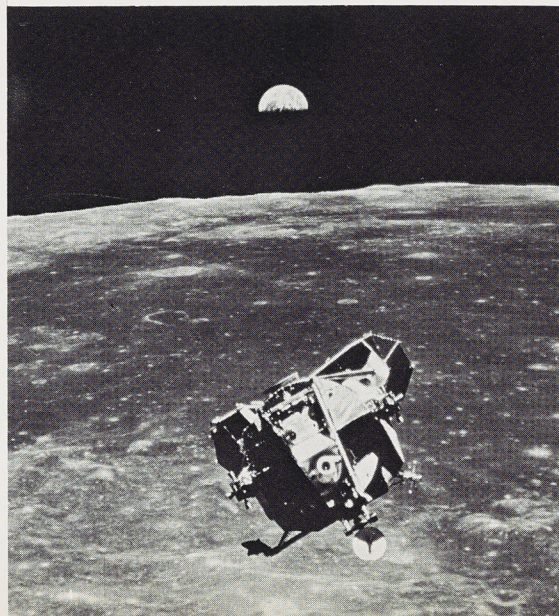
*but the send-off of integrated school buses
was a graver issue*



*A Grindelwald, Switzerland test was the send-off
for Barbara Cochran to a later women's
special slalom gold medal for the United States
in the Winter Olympics in Japan*



*Thousands who loved him and his music
sadly saw Louis Armstrong
off on his last, long journey*



*Man's greatest
adventure—send-off
from the Apollo
command ship of
the LEM to the lunar
surface as the earth
rises over the horizon*

Viet Nam Is Still There

by Bert Okuley

For newsmen covering the war in South Viet Nam: You can commute to the battle by ancient limousine, but a steel helmet and flak jacket are as essential as notebooks and cameras.

Gone are the days when the U.S. command could, and would, arrange helicopter press trips to battlefield areas on short notice in military planes operating with civilian airline efficiency.

The Americans are leaving Viet Nam. They have closed the press camps which used to be located on all major bases and in cities throughout the country. Reporters today are largely on their own in getting to the front.

The South Vietnamese have neither the time nor the resources to accommodate the press.

UPI reporter Matt Franjola, covering the Central Highlands region from Pleiku, lives in a converted shop truck. At Phu Bai, on the northern coast, UPI reporter Stewart Kellerman shares a small hootch with an army lieutenant. It is a quarter-mile to the nearest shower.

The daily official news briefings in Saigon are a necessity, but they present only a bare statistical picture of the war and statements by the allied commands more often than not are outdated by field reports before they are issued.

Often nothing is said at the briefing concerning a current major battle.

To get to a battle, or rather to a forward South Vietnamese position, the international press corps rises at dawn and travels by rented car. Most would have been junked long ago in a country not at war.

UPI Viet Nam manager Arthur Higbee, photo chief David Kennerly, and American Broadcasting Company correspondent Robert Wiener recently were walking Highway 13 toward South Vietnamese tanks on both sides of the road when firing broke out, incoming and outgoing.

Kennerly, who has had a year's experience in Viet Nam, had foresightedly noticed a shell hole 20 feet off the road and the three dived into it.

"The only good thing about war is the shell holes," Kennerly observed in the hour the three newsmen were pinned down.

Joseph Fried, of the New York Daily News, dean of the American press corps in Saigon with nine consecutive years, said many old hands returned to cover the war when the North Vietnamese launched their offensive of last March 30th.

"The offensive brought back a lot of people who were in Viet Nam during Tet of 1968: Peter Arnett, of the Associated Press; Malcolm Browne, of The New York Times; Kate Webb, of UPI," Fried said. "The big difference, of course, was the absence of U.S. troops and, of course, U.S. press helicopters and press centers."

This war is more dangerous for the press than conventional wars because there are no fronts and because military communiques, both American and Vietnamese, are so sketchy and outdated. Now, if you want hard news you have to get it yourself.

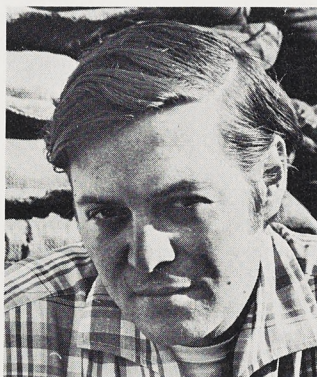
And a lot of new hands had to learn the hard way.

Kevin Delaney, ABC bureau chief and veteran Far East hand, recalled:

"Dick Shoemaker, our man in Los Angeles and fresh from the Hollywood freeway, was cruising up and down Highway 1 in Quang Tri province. He phoned me and said, 'Where's the war?'"

"Two days later," Delaney went on, "Shoemaker and ABC cameraman Terry Khoo, a Chinese from Singapore, got caught in a skirmish near Dong Ha and had to stay the night in a forward area. That's how Dick found out where the war was."

Said Shoemaker: "At that time I'd been in the country about a week, and the only wars I'd ever covered were being filmed on the back lot at Culver City, California."



Bert Okuley,
United Press
International
Saigon bureau

Then there are the brave — and enterprising — taxi drivers. Ron Moreau, of Newsweek, recalled:

"George Wilson, of the Washington Post; Craig Whitney, of the New York Times, and I drove to artillery base Birmingham near Hue. There were huge land-mine craters in the road and the skeletons of jeeps and trucks destroyed in the fighting a week before. It was sort of scary, but the driver just turned and smiled. And they do this for \$25 a day including the car."

The rented cars look out of place in South Vietnamese military convoys, but one of the advantages is that reporters don't have to carry much equipment and the front is sometimes close enough to Saigon to permit return to the capital each night for a shower and dinner.

For correspondent Franjola, for example, a typical day begins at 6:30 a.m. when he hitches a helicopter ride to one of the field headquarters in the area to pick up battlefield information. There also is a morning Vietnamese news briefing.

After a day in the field, Franjola usually catches a movie at the non-commissioned officers club and tries to get a lead from American advisers on what areas to visit the next day.

Travel is by helicopter or hitchhiking along Highway 1, which in halcyon days stretched from Saigon to Hanoi. Correspondents often find themselves miles from the nearest telephone. When they get one, the military lines to Saigon — like some of the roads — are rather shakey.

Recently, seven newsmen were wounded by an incoming-mortar shell just outside Dong Ha, the northernmost

allied defensive position during the last communist invasion. They were Richard Brummett, New York Times photo stringer; Vinh Dan, ABC stringer; Phan Bach Dang, National Broadcasting Company soundman; Rex Ellis, NBC correspondent; Vo Huynh, NBC cameraman; Holger Jensen, AP; and, Nguyen Ngoc Luong, New York Times interpreter.

No one was critically injured, but the incident had serious overtones. Robert Toombs, NBC bureau chief, explained:

"There were no bandages around. If there had been, Vo Huynh would have saved a lot of blood. There were no American Medevac choppers to come in for them. Saigon government troops threw the most badly wounded into an armored personnel carrier and had to take them down the road to Quang Tri, eight miles south, before they could get a helicopter.

"The South Vietnamese army, it turns out, doesn't care all that much about its wounded, and that became the big concern for correspondents—being out with the Saigon troops without traditional American support," Toombs said. "We're carrying our own bandages now."

They Will Walk Back

by Pat Hangen

Our plane was late arriving in Phnom Penh that afternoon in May of 1970 because over-protective Cambodian soldiers had encircled it during a refueling stop at Siem Reap and wouldn't give up. They allowed us to continue after our captain convinced them we were safe in his hands, and, twenty minutes later we were in the Cambodian capital.

I was making the trip that day to join my husband, Welles Hangen, who had spent more than a month in Phnom Penh covering the war for NBC News. It was a short flight from our home in Hong Kong, but a long wait in the customs shed. Ground personnel couldn't believe I really wanted to stay and kept trying to put me on the next flight out to Bangkok.

Gerry Miller of CBS News was on the plane with me that day. His colleague, George Syvertsen, was waiting to meet him at the airport. Welles was standing next to George, waving and smiling. It was a happy day for us all. Gerry was pleased to be back on a fast-breaking story, and Welles and I were overjoyed to be together again.

One week later on a lonely road 30 miles south of Phnom Penh, George and Gerry were killed in a Viet Cong ambush.

On the same spot five minutes afterwards, Welles and four cameramen were taken prisoner and have not been heard from since.

Welles was led away from the scene by uniformed soldiers, as were NBC cameramen Yoshihiko Waku and Roger Colne. Tomoharu Ishii and Kojiro Sakai, a CBS camera crew, were with them. The five men were taken to a hut, given a warm meal, then driven away in the company of an officer. We know, because their Cambodian driver who also was taken prisoner escaped later and gave us these facts.

That was two years ago, and we have heard nothing substantive as to their whereabouts and welfare since.

During our days together in Phnom Penh the week before Welles disappeared, we talked about the dangers of reporting from Cambodia. Communications within the country were almost non-existent. To get solid information it was necessary to go out of Phnom Penh into the countryside. Welles's intent always was to find Cambodian troops and accompany them, but because even military authorities were often two or three days late in pin-pointing actions, newsmen had to rely on putting together bits and pieces of information and acting on hunches.

"We always ask," Welles explained to me. "When we drive along a road, we ask in every village, at every checkpoint. If there's hostility around, we go back. Nobody's looking for trouble."

But on May 31, 1970 they found it anyway. They slowed their car at a Cambodian army checkpoint on Route 3 leading toward Takao to ask their usual questions, but they were waved through. With no warning, they drove straight into an ambush. But we know they walked away.

It is this knowledge that has sustained all of us over the past two years. We *know* they walked away. They survived the initial hours—the hours which Dick Dudman and others, who not only walked away but eventually walked *back*, describe as the crucial ones. We know that they were captured alive, and I believe they, too, will one day walk back.

When word came that Welles was missing, we started two main efforts to find him and gain his release. The first was to contact everyone who might have knowledge of his whereabouts, or have sources for such knowledge. The second was to prove without qualification Welles's credentials as a bona fide newsmen. I am convinced that the second was accomplished long ago. Samples of his reporting and the wealth of personal references we were able to shotgun through the area could leave no doubt of his objective integrity. The first effort continues, and the responses of willingness to help are constantly gratifying.

Seventeen newsmen of five nationalities disappeared in Cambodia during 1970. My husband, Welles, Dana Stone of CBS, and Time's Sean Flynn are Americans. The others are French, Japanese, German, Swiss and Austrian. Many other fine reporters and photographers,



Pat Hangen,
wife of
Welles Hangen,
NBC News
correspondent
and war prisoner
somewhere in
Indochina

.....

including several of our close friends, were killed outright. They all gave their lives—or are now giving a part of their lives—for their belief in the right of the world to be accurately informed. They were reporting a war that was not a local problem but a world problem. As newsmen they showed the full measure of that problem in a way no diplomat, statesman or scholar could. With their eyes and ears we were allowed to see, to understand. But they were stopped.

Fortunately others have taken up where our men were forced to leave off. And they are asking questions. Questions about safety and freedom of reporting in dangerous areas where they, alone, are unarmed except for pencil, camera or recorder. They are asking, too, for an accounting from all concerned as to the whereabouts of their missing colleagues, and for their release.

Our men *will* walk back, but they need help to speed that day. In the meantime I take comfort in the prayer loaned Welles and me by a friend: "May the Lord watch between Thee and me; one wing o'er Thee and one o'er me, so we are near."

Covering the U.S.

by Peter Arnett

My editor instructed me earnestly, "Go cover it like the Viet Nam War," and for a wicked moment I nearly did.

Here is the battle plan: I would hitch a ride to the Wisconsin front and soon discover that my New York office, like all rear area headquarters, was hopelessly out of touch with the battlefield.

I would find my Westmoreland in Senator Muskie whose stolidly conventional tactics and massive money-power at one time appeared to have made him the likely victor.

Then I would discover at the University of Wisconsin in Madison that George McGovern's people's army had almost totally liberated the campus, and was infiltrating the blue collar redoubts of Milwaukee and Green Bay.

But complicating the potential McGovern Tet Offensive, I would find, would be the insurgency forces of Governor George Wallace. They would be attacking all visible targets with the gay abandon of the Green Berets. And finally there would be Hubert Humphrey offering everyone something in line with USaid's "if you can't win 'em, buy 'em" strategy.

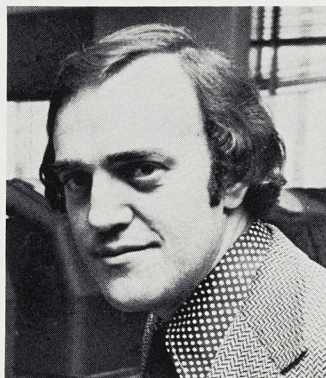
Just like Viet Nam, in the end everyone was claiming victory (except John Lindsay who dropped out like the French).

But so much for fantasy and my editor's gung ho advice. I could no more cover the United States as I did Viet Nam, as could Viet Nam be covered in the way reporters handle the presidential primaries.

I bemoaned the differences with a score of Viet Nam veterans on the campaign trail in Wisconsin. All of them were looking much shaggier than in their trim Viet Nam days. Douglas Robinson of The New York Times was sporting a heavy beard. Robert Pizer of The Detroit News wore a droopy moustache. In Viet Nam we had no time for such idiosyncrasies, which points up to my

mind the first great difference. Viet Nam was total involvement journalistically: We lived those political crises and pacification programs and cliffhanging battles. Seven work days a week was sheer joy. Such commitment seems quaintly archaic here.

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Peter Arnett,
Associated Press
Saigon bureau

.....

And there is the Afghanistan Syndrome: Write anything you like about Afghanistan, but by God be careful what you say about Chicago. I spent eight years criticizing the Vietnamese army and can still get a visa into Saigon, but I'm *persona non grata* in Beaufort County, South Carolina, because I wrote a slighting remark about the local oysters.

And there are too many colleagues in America. I am aware that up to 650 newsmen were accredited at one time in Saigon, but the crush thinned considerably the farther you got toward the action. At the only battle with real blood I have witnessed in America—the Attica prison riot—the wall of newsmen was as thick as that surrounding the prison. How the hell could a scoop be uncovered in that crush? Oh, for the satisfying terror of a night on Firebase Ike with the nearest competitor fifty miles away.

Of course, we were spoiled in Viet Nam. The stark madness of war brings out the best and the worst in man, and either way makes great copy. And there is a reality about a battle report that disciplines a distant copy editor's pencil, permitting that occasional touch of purple to color your prose.

I have always been amused by the whispered remarks I've heard about the potential of colleagues, the "Well, he sure can cover the war, but can he cover anything else?" thing. Well, there is nothing else. All the rest is a pale shadow of that madness of war. The only problem is that we get too old, too scared, too ambitious to stay with it. So we all end up covering the presidential primaries in Wisconsin, chewing on the cheese, and boring our colleagues with war stories.

Getting used to post-war journalism must be something like getting used to marriage. It is satisfying enough, but don't expect any thrills. And as with an old lover that materializes from the past, even a return to the battlefield is very much disillusioning. I went back to Viet Nam for a month last year, and I kept asking myself, "how in the hell did I stand eight years of it?"

Yet I wouldn't trade one sweaty, frightening second of the whole business. And I bet you wouldn't, either.



While striking longshoremen dogged it . . .

The nation's economy shifted...



and caught some flack here and there . . .



the nation tried to contain inflation through price controls . . .



as unprecedented monetary changes occurred at home and abroad . . .



but some people had other ideas of financing via the world of books.

The wars were still with us...



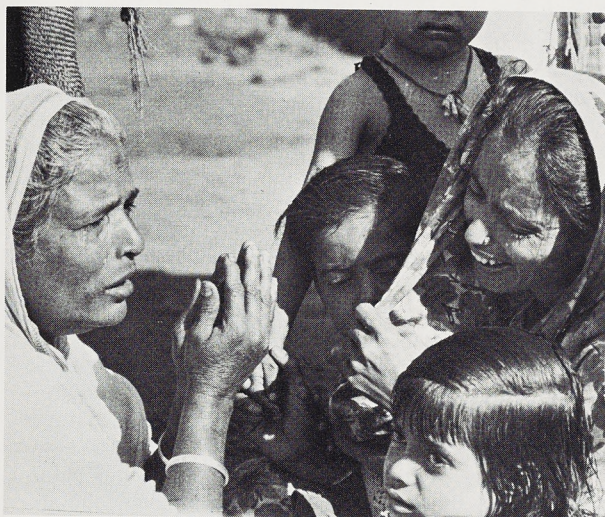
*South Vietnamese troops were hit hard
by the communists*



*The floods of refugees
in Indochina increased*



*A Vietnamese child shared the agony
of her wounded mother*



*In Bangla Desh, Bihari women wept
for their missing men*



*And in the Middle East
Israeli soldiers patrolled*



Gerald Gold,
Assistant
Foreign Editor of
The New York Times

The Pentagon Papers, One Year Later

by Gerald Gold

A year after the Pentagon Papers, it is the small things that seem the clearest, not the towering discussions we had about morality, and journalism, and ethics, and secrecy.

There was the mini-debate I had with Al Siegal, also an assistant foreign editor, about the typography and format and headlines for the documents we were planning to publish. Our decision seems in retrospect to have been especially felicitous. Looking at the headlines on the documents in the paper the day we first published, we were astonished by their powerful impact. Yet, almost the opposite had been our intention. We decided that the fairest and most even-handed presentation required sticking as closely as possible to the words of the documents themselves; we would not pass judgments or express conclusions in the headlines, however justified or obvious from the texts with which we were working.

Thus, the headlines on the documents would carry, we thought, a flat, unemotional, even bland tone, appropriate to the bland, unemotional, bureaucratic tone of the documents themselves. And, if you look at the headlines now, they *are* flat and unemotional, and they *do* stick closely to the language of the documents. But as we opened the paper on the first day of publication, it was evident the headlines carried an impact of "inside-ness" we had never counted on. Thus, headline No. 64 in the paperback edition: "U.S. Order for Preparations for Some Retaliatory Action."

Looking at that in the paper, we realized it jumped out at the reader, giving an air of authenticity far beyond what we had expected. Our feeling remains that no inventive device of the swiftest headline writer could improve on that flat statement. It is my feeling that this air of authenticity helped immeasurably in creating the impact the Pentagon Papers had.

The introductory material for each document, written by either Al Siegal or Sam Abt, helped to maintain this atmosphere of careful—even scholarly—work. On this same document No. 64, for example, the introduction reads:

"Excerpts from National Security Action Memorandum

288, 'U.S. Objectives in South Vietnam,' March 17, 1964, as provided in the body of the Pentagon study. The words in brackets are the study's. The paragraph in italics is the paraphrase by a writer of the study."

Behind that introduction was another debate, and another decision—again, with far more impact than we expected. Early in the work on the Pentagon Papers, I came to the conclusion that, as closely as humanly possible, we should "footnote" the news stories with the pertinent documents. Our ordinary style at *The Times*, when a text accompanies a story, is merely to indicate this on Page One with a little box saying, "Text of the report will be found on Page so-and-so." The only exception is for Presidential news conferences, where major news points from the conference are sourced for the reader in the news story with the phrase "Question so-and so," referring the reader to numbered news conference questions in the transcript.

For some weeks we proceeded on the assumption that we would footnote the stories along the lines of the presidential news conference, so that wherever possible, the reader could turn from the story to the document to satisfy himself that the story was correct or to pursue that particular point as far as possible.

As everyone knows by now from numbers of magazine and newspaper and television and radio commentaries, we had a number of major jolts in the course of working on the papers, and among these were decisions concerning our timetable and the size of the daily installments. After a number of twists and turns, we became discouraged that we would be able to have a neat enough production set up to permit footnoting the stories as we wished, and settled instead on a modified form of the usual "refer" system used in *The Times*. We would footnote by referring the reader to a text on a particular page. Even at this, we felt it was risky; that page numbers would change at the last minute and that we would find ourselves with incorrect references all around. Nevertheless, we hoped.

As the deadline for the first installment neared, we produced some actual, physical copy, and at this point Managing Editor Abe Rosenthal took us back to Square One, insisting that each reference be specifically footnoted. I don't remember who solved it, but we decided on the technique of using the headline (or a close approximation of it) to direct the reader to the specific document.

Again, a small thing; but I am convinced this scholarly approach to the Pentagon Papers in *The Times* helped in large measure to establish their authenticity and to gain acceptance for *The Times's* publication of the stories and documents.

Much has been said and written about how we decided on what material to use and what not to use. The basic criterion was: Did the memo or document have some role in the decision actually taken? With that in mind, reporters Neil Sheehan, Rick Smith, Fox Butterfield, and Ned Kenworthy wrote their stories, and with that in mind Al Siegal and I—working with the reporters—selected the documents to be used either in full (wherever possible) or excerpted when we ran out of space.

Al and I more or less divided the sections, and painstakingly picked those documents that followed the development of the stories, which in turn followed scrupulously the development of the Pentagon Papers themselves. Again, because of changes in the overall timetable

and space limitations, we found ourselves assigning priorities to documents (we originally wanted to use every one, or close to it) and soon found it necessary to put aside many documents, retaining those we regarded as most essential. Where we were forced to excerpt, we were fanatically careful to assure that for any document that presented two or more sides of an argument, we selected all the sides for inclusion in the excerpts. We were also scrupulous about indicating elisions, down to words like "the" and "a" if necessary. We also followed—as the general introduction to the texts made clear—the exact spelling, paragraphing, etc., of the actual documents. In no case did we depart from this standard.

A year later, there is still the satisfaction of having been involved from the start in an undertaking of such historic importance; there is the sheer pleasure of having been part of an exciting journalistic endeavor—perhaps the most exciting ever. But above all there is the knowledge that we never compromised our standards—and I think they were the highest standards.

Bloomers on the Battlefield

by *Liz Trotta*

The India-Pakistan war was, for television, one of the more difficult and frustrating stories to handle. Words—the written story—can be telexed, cabled or spoken over the telephone. Film must be shipped—or there is no story.

When all commercial and charter flights are grounded, as they were in Pakistan during the war, the problem becomes enormous. NBC and other networks had worked out complicated and often risky courier systems whereby film was driven from Rawalpindi, West Pakistan, through the Khyber Pass, and into Kabul, Afghanistan, where flights left for Western Europe. In many cases stories could not reach a satellite transmitting point until two days after they were filmed.

On one night I will never forget we had a late film shipment from the front and the Khyber Pass was closed. Through a Pakistani friend, NBC News was able to open the pass at midnight to get the story through. Even Erroll Flynn never did that.



Liz Trotta,
*National Broadcasting
Company*

.....

Censorship added to the problems. There were the usual rumors that certain American correspondents were working for the CIA. This prompted pointed questions, such as when the carrier "Enterprise" was going to start firing from the Bay of Bengal.

Telephone calls to home offices (when and if they came through) were monitored by censors. In one case, a government listener broke into a conversation to correct a correspondent's pronunciation of a Pakistani word.

Most of the exciting stories came after the shooting phase of the war, a period of confusion, remorse, anger and reconstruction. In Kashmir, heart of the India-Pakistan territorial dispute, we of the NBC News team spent three snow-filled and harrowing days filming in the area of the cease-fire line. Even more than combat assignments, this one brought high adventure. On the night of the third day, with 1,800 feet of exposed film in hand and about 60 pounds of camera gear, we headed for the rear area via a narrow Himalayan road. Suddenly a landslide washed away a section of road, halting the caravan. The only way out was over a 2,000 foot mountain—almost straight up—above the turbulent Jelum River; without benefit of ropes, spikes, or climbing experience. A Pakistani army major brought us through, as we formed a human chain up the mountainside in the darkness. The story was told and retold among the army brass in the days following. They said we were "good sports."

In the East, in Bangla Desh, we saw and listened to the other side of the war. Curiously, although most of the war's tragedies had occurred in Bangla Desh, it was here that newsmen encountered many of the lighter aspects of the story. There was the Russian trade minister on the hotel elevator who began his conversation by saying he realized the NBC News correspondent was a victim of imperialist male chauvinism. "Long live women's liberation!" he shouted.

There was the telephone operator whose understanding of English was limited enough to think that NBC sounded like "Embassy." So the phone calls were rushed through. There was the inevitable flat tire in the countryside that resulted in our news crew riding back to Dacca on a hay truck. And finally, there was the perennial old Asian hand, this one a Britisher, swaying over his gin fizz and declaring that this war couldn't hold a candle to the one he covered in '67.

Foreign correspondents never talk about "exclusives," but they're always trying to get one. No one got to the imprisoned Sheik Mujibur Rahman, who was spirited away to London at three in the morning. I did, however, manage to land the first interview with President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. There are many versions of how this came about. Dozens of written requests from various news agencies were filed with the government for an interview with the new president. According to the *unofficial* version, when all of them went ignored, I wrote Bhutto a note bearing my hotel room and phone numbers and thrust it into his hand during a public appearance. One hour later, goes the rumor, I was summoned to the President's residence for a private interview. NBC News got the story first. And even to my bosses in New York, I have so far refused to confirm or deny "what really happened."



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The Troubles They've Seen

by George Watson

The Irish often call the recurring tragedies in their harsh history simply the "troubles." That beguiling modesty commends itself to correspondents tempted to tell war stories about the present troubles in Northern Ireland.

But the conflict in Ulster has grown into the Western world's first full-scale urban guerrilla war, and the difficulties in reporting it demand our concern both as citizens and newsmen.

By difficulties, I do not mean primarily physical danger. So far, newsmen have enjoyed the luck of the Irish—luck which seems to have deserted so many in Ulster. In 1971, some 173 citizens, policemen and soldiers were killed in Northern Ireland. More than 800 were injured in bomb explosions alone.

We are now well into 1972, and so far no newsman has been killed or even seriously injured. I know reporters and photographers who were in the line of fire that Sunday afternoon in January when British soldiers shot and killed 13 civilians. But the worst that happened to any of my colleagues was to be tear-gassed, roughed up or sprayed with purple dye by the army.

Avoiding bullets is easier than escaping bombs. The Irish Republican Army's main weapon in its terrorist guerrilla war has been the time bomb planted in public places. Sometimes warning is given. Sometimes not.

Since the first of the year, there have been an average of 138 explosions each month. Before the British government imposed direct rule in March, 25 people had been killed and several hundred injured. Inevitably the violence must sooner or later claim victims among those who cover it. Photographers and camera crews especially face physical danger. Many of these men must simply look at the risks and, as Larry Burrows once said, decide "to hell with that" and go on working.

Everybody knows truth is the first casualty in war, and Northern Ireland is no exception. Finding out what happened is enormously complicated by the fact that each side passionately believes its version of events, and present facts are indelibly colored by the past.

If Irish eyes are affected by the blights and bogs of Irish history, it's no wonder reporters experience trouble getting it straight. But the reporter's task has not been aided by thick fogs of official obfuscation and occasional outright lying.

Last August the British government desperately resorted to internment in an effort to crush IRA resistance. Eventually, several thousand men were arrested, jailed without charge and held indefinitely without trial. At the end of March about 900 men remained in custody at "internment camps," a circumlocution for concentration camps and a usage comparable to calling an invasion an "incursion."

Although the government brought no criminal charges against the interned men, the prisoners charged the Army with brutal treatment and torture during interrogations. The government denied it. Thanks largely to the persistence of The Irish Times of Dublin and The Sunday



George Watson,
American Broadcasting
Company
London bureau chief

Times of London, the government finally felt obliged to establish a judicial inquiry. The judge concluded certain prisoners indeed had been mistreated. He shied away from calling this brutality, which he defined as "disposition to inflict suffering coupled with indifference to, or pleasure in, the victim's pain." This complex definition begged the question of simple "inhumanity" which the Oxford Dictionary and common sense equate with brutality. The government itself later acknowledged this fact by prohibiting further use of so-called "interrogation in depth" techniques.

As the American military did in Viet Nam, the British army in Northern Ireland established an elaborate public relations apparatus to fight the war of words. One source of embarrassment for the army was eliminated by ordering soldiers not to speak to reporters except on specially-approved occasions. On one such occasion, a captain halted an interview when I asked a corporal to tell me his thoughts while patrolling streets in a notoriously dangerous section of Belfast. Soldiers are not supposed to think.

Officers have not been so reticent to give us their opinions and versions of events. Major General Robert Ford, commander of land forces in Northern Ireland, initially said four of the 13 persons killed on January 30 in Londonderry had been on the army's wanted list. Later at a judicial inquiry into those events, the Army offered an apology. General Ford acknowledged he was "now happy to say that none of the deceased was on a wanted list."

To question the credibility of officials is not to endorse the accuracy or approve the tactics of the IRA. Indeed Britain's willingness to investigate charges against its own army pays compliments to the British ideals of justice. But these ideals are themselves under attack. Only a few members of Parliament demand censorship because a war is on, but cabinet ministers attempt to intimidate the BBC for daring to broadcast opinions of the IRA.

Not long ago I was traveling in an automobile with a television crew near Londonderry when we were stopped at a roadblock manned by the Ulster Defense Regiment, the equivalent of the National Guard. The captain in charge examined our credentials and then his soldiers began an exhaustive search of the car itself. One man examined my file of papers and spent some time reading one of my ABC News reports. Out of curiosity, I asked him if what I wrote interested him. "Oh no," he answered, "I'm searching for subversive literature."

This situation itself seems subversive of British democracy. Comparisons with Viet Nam are facile and misleading. It's easy to say "give Ireland back to the Irish," but it sounds too much like the "Indian" solution advocated for New York by some Americans. After all the British were in Ireland since long before the Mayflower set sail for America. So Ireland is not Britain's Viet Nam. But it is a tremendous test and challenge for British democracy. The first facts that must be faced are the limitations of military solutions, the demand for radical political action and the recognition of the resurgent force of Irish nationalism.

That sounds too easy, and optimistic Americans tempted to prescribe a solution for every problem would be well advised to remember that the English have been trying to subdue Ireland for 800 years. The end is nowhere in sight. Indeed, pessimistic facts point to more suffering for the Irish people, and greater hazards for newsmen trying to cover the first major guerrilla war in the Western world.

Ireland in the '70s: Out of Adversity New Hope Is Born

by Daniel M. Doherty

Troubled and saddened by the continuing violence in the six northern counties, the Republic of Ireland nonetheless sees bright prospects ahead.

While the eyes of the world focus on the seemingly endless bloodshed and wonder in what direction a solution may lie, Prime Minister Jack Lynch offers the Republic's view:

"The unity we seek is not something forced, but a free and genuine union of those living in Ireland based on mutual respect and tolerance and guaranteed by a form, or forms of government authority in Ireland providing for progressive improvement of social, economic and cultural life in a just and peaceful environment."

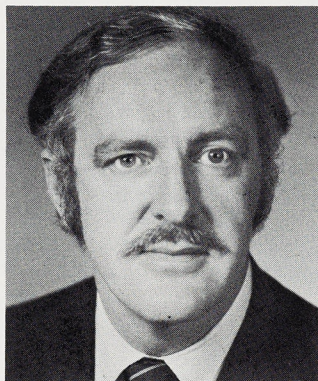
There are those in the Republic who are encouraged to see that reunification is not only a possibility, but is being publicly discussed in official circles for the first time in half a century.

The Irish government continues to devote much of its attention to the nation's twin historical afflictions: unemployment and emigration. Emigration during the 1960s was running about 60,000 a year. Today, the rate is down to about 10,000, while the actual growth rate of the population is increasing by about one per cent a year.

Ireland is preparing to step out into full-fledged competition in the Common Market. Following negotiations with the European Economic Community dating back to 1970, the Irish have negotiated a protocol recognizing the special development problems it faces in industry and promising full use of Community machinery in coping with them. Among other concessions, Ireland's attractive export tax relief program, which has brought 570 new industries to the island since 1960, will continue for an interim period, thus placing the nation on an

equal footing in competing in this market of 260 million.

Tourism, an industry of vast importance to the Irish economy, is now a matter of urgent concern. The government, anxious to convince foreigners that Ireland's matchless heritage of natural beauty can still be enjoyed in peace and quiet, is spending millions of dollars on travel promotion. Irish Airlines reports the promotions, particularly in the U.S. market, are having the desired effect.



Daniel M. Doherty,
Vice-President Paine,
Webber, Jackson and
Curtis Incorporated

Considering her small population of some three million and her limited resources, Ireland has made giant strides since gaining independence from the British 50 years ago. She has managed to reverse the disastrous process of depopulation that began with the famines of the 1840s when the nation had more than eight million inhabitants, and she has constructed a solid fiscal ship on which to sail confidently into world trade. There can be no doubt that, with the settling of the trouble in the north, Ireland's finest years lie just ahead.

Yes--Well, No

by John Corry
New York Times Reporter

I am told there truly is a Clifford Irving, although this is hearsay, and not the kind of thing that would be admissible in court. I first heard of Irving when he said he was speaking for Howard Hughes, and that furthermore he had been meeting with him in secret places. This, of course, was about the same time Dr. Kissinger said he was speaking for Mr. Nixon, and that he had been meeting with Chou En-lai in other secret places. I do not know if there is a connection here, although in the light of everything that has happened, I wonder.

In the beginning, I was involved in the story in only a small way. The Times had a tip that the autobiography of Mr. Hughes was a jest put together by something called "the Dynamite Museum." This proved to be untrue. On my own, I found out a writer at the New Yorker was insisting there were two Clifford Irvings, and that the Clifford Irving he knew did not smoke and was afraid of airplanes. However, I could turn up nothing here nor could I do much with the theory of a man about

town that the Irving affair was an elaborate plot to assassinate George Plimpton. These things, I swear to you, were serious rumors at the time.

My deepening involvement came when The Times asked me to do what we in the business call an in-depth piece about Irving. By this time, however, so many words had been written about Irving I could hardly hope for anything new unless, of course, I could get to him for a tete-a-tete. This, naturally, I set out to do.

This, naturally, Irving's lawyers did not want me to do. Furthermore, Irving, or at least the man calling himself Irving, was holed up in the Chelsea Hotel, where he was not answering the phone. However, I discovered that he had a close friend at the Chelsea, and that the close friend was a writer. Consequently, I introduced myself to him, and he, in turn, spoke at length about the burdens of his and of Irving's art. I listened at length, thereby establishing myself as a serious and sensitive person, and then withdrew. I was getting close, I felt, to my man.

That evening I called a friend, a prominent literary person. Would he, I asked, come down from his Connecticut hideout for a chat with Irving? He said he would be delighted. Then I called Irving's friend. Would he, I asked, tell Irving that my friend the prominent literary person would like to meet him? He said he would tell Irving, then get back to me. When he did, he said Irving would be delighted to meet my friend. Well, I said, would he ask Irving if I could be there, too, to take notes and be an amanuensis, so to speak, on what was certain to be a coming together of titans?

Irving's friend said he would check with Irving. Then he got back to me, saying this was just jake with Irving, although the lawyers were not entirely pleased. The next day or so I made many phone calls. My friend, the prominent literary person, said he would bring his wife with him. Irving said he would bring his wife, too. I set Friday night for the meeting. My friend the prominent literary person said he was busy. I set Sunday night. Irving was busy. Finally I had it: Saturday night, 9 P.M.

First, however, I was to meet with my friend and his wife at 7:30 for drinks and dinner. At 7 that night, as I was dandying myself up, the phone rang. It was Irving's friend. The lawyers, he said, had turned sullen. My friend, the prominent literary person, and his wife could meet the Irvings, but I could not. Undaunted, I met my friend and his wife. They would interview Irving for me, and I would meet with them later that evening and take notes.

Subsequently, I returned to my apartment and withdrew to the bedroom. The hours passed. I drank judiciously. I waited. At 2 A.M. the phone rang. It was my friend. Soon I met him and his wife at a popular boite. They told me all about Irving, or at least I think they did. I took notes, but it was very dark. I think we may have been drinking. I do not really remember. The evening is blurred; so are my notes.

At 10 that morning the phone rang. It was The Times. Had I seen Irving? I said no. Did I know that Time Magazine was out with a cover story on him? I said I did not. I was told to hie myself to the Chelsea and wait. I did, posting myself by a plastic palm. Nothing happened. The man who called himself Irving did not appear, although I am not entirely sure of that, either,

because I don't think I would have recognized him, anyway.

That afternoon, The Times told me to forget about Irving and go on to other things. I did, but with a heavy heart. Dr. Kissinger by now was dining off his recollections of Chou. I could recall only a plastic palm and a throbbing in the temples. That week, Clifford Irving and I were invited to the same cocktail party. He went. I did not; I forget why. A week later, we were asked to the same country home for a week-end. He went, but I had a cold. Time passed, although not my sense of failure. Then, on the day Irving was indicted, The Times told me to gather my notes, recollections and insights, and write something. I did, but first I called the Chelsea. This time someone answered the phone, and I asked for Irving. I could hear heavy breathing, and, I am certain, a chuckle. Then the line went dead. Dr. Kissinger, I suppose, would have managed better.

The Campaign Year

by Raymond Lahr

Democratic party efforts to find a more orderly way to elect Presidents has attained only partial success and are still subject to tests which may cause it more agony than it suffered in 1968. The party has tried to attract more voters into political activity, to give more weight to minority viewpoints, to elect the President by popular vote, and to ease the campaign funding burden on all candidates for federal office.

Democratic motives are more selfish than idealistic because the real goal is to win the White House and retain control of Congress in 1972. While the Democrats promise a national convention with less chaos than in 1968, they are engaged in a presidential nomination contest that may cause more disruption than the convention four years ago. They have too many candidates representing overlapping viewpoints.

Only personal ambition and power to swing weight at the convention account for the overcrowded field of candidates. Winter book odds made President Nixon the favorite for re-election.

Senator Edward Kennedy, of Massachusetts, a political



Raymond Lahr,
United Press
International
Washington Bureau

.....

casualty of the Chappaquiddick episode, has steadfastly insisted he would not seek nomination. But the prospect of an inconclusive pre-convention campaign keeps him a speculative choice for a draft. Meanwhile, Senators Hubert Humphrey, of Minnesota, Edmund Muskie, of Maine, George McGovern, of South Dakota, Alabama Governor George Wallace, and others fight for convention delegates.

Many Republicans agreed with those Democratic leaders who felt Humphrey lost the presidency to Nixon in 1968 because of the nationally televised turmoil at the national convention. The uproar was a direct result of the bitter contest over the nomination and the party division created by the Viet Nam war. The minority revolted against "establishment" domination.

The tumult also was viewed as a product of the hodgepodge of party rules and practices used by some state party organizations regarded as closed corporations. With all its devotion to a two-party system, the nation maintains two major parties, which organize Congress but otherwise are a federation of 50 state parties joined in convention every four years to nominate a candidate for President and to adopt a platform.

In a little-noticed incident during the 1968 Democratic convention, the delegates adopted a mandate for party reform. Two commissions soon were created to deal with convention rules and with party structure and national delegate selection.

One commission adopted a set of 18 rules and guidelines to govern the choice of delegates. Objectives included starting the selection process in the year of the convention, election of most delegates on a district basis to assure that candidates with minority support within a state would get that support, and opening the whole process for more rank and file participation of Democrats, including young voters, women and representatives of blacks and other minority groups.

State Democratic parties are gradually falling into line. There was surprisingly little rebellion against rules that would weaken the power of "the establishment," the "bosses," and experienced party leaders. Democrats succeeded in changing laws in some states to comply and did what they could under new party rules and old laws in states where legislatures would not cooperate.

If most disputes have been settled at the state level, the party faces more at its convention at Miami Beach in July. There are still almost unlimited possibilities for challenging the credentials of delegates certified for seats by the states.

The Republicans have few of the immediate problems of the Democrats. There is no serious competition in sight to interfere with the renomination of President Nixon. While denying it has the campaign bankroll attributed to it by Democrats, the GOP has a sound financing system and no significant debts.

Many Republicans are worried, however, because they are far outnumbered by voters who class themselves as Democrats, and that theirs is the image of a party representing businessmen and the affluent middle class. The 1968 convention ordered creation of a special committee to recommend reforms. The committee has moved more cautiously than the Democratic commissions. Its recommendations will apply to the 1976 convention if approved by the August convention at San Diego.

Once the conventions are over, the real campaign

begins. The Democrats no doubt will charge President Nixon with gross mismanagement of the economy. The social issue, used earlier to describe street crime, urban riots and campus disorder, probably will be most visible this year in debate over school busing for racial integration. If the Viet Nam war policy stays on its present course, the war appears likely to continue fading as an issue.

The President will be elected again this year by the electoral college system, giving each state one vote for each member of the House and Senate. A Democratic-led drive to elect the chief executive by popular vote failed to collect the needed Senate support for a constitutional amendment.

All 435 members of the House and 33 of the 100 Senators also will be elected November 7th. The Democrats are favored to retain control of both chambers. After the 1968 election, the lineup was:

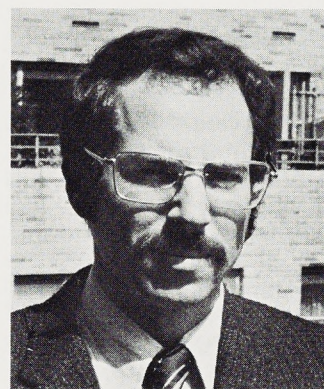
Senate — 55 Democrats, 45 Republicans
House — 255 Democrats, 180 Republicans

A record turnout of up to 90 million voters is expected. The 26th Amendment made more than 11 million in the 18-to-20 age group eligible. Limited evidence indicates more youths will favor Democrats than Republicans.

South America: The Continent Emerges

by Steve Yolen

News correspondents based in South America, after years of "benign neglect" at the hands of their editors and the reading public, are beginning to feel wanted at last. At least, foreign correspondents based in the area believe more of their work is passing the editor's desk and, in fact, getting into print.



Steve Yolen,
*United Press
International
São Paulo,
Brazil bureau chief*

This is important to the core of permanent newsmen based in Latin and South America who have always felt news from other parts of the world was given precedence over that from their own area on editorial news desks. Except for what appeared from up north to be an endless series of indistinguishable revolutions and earthquakes,

South American correspondents have had difficulty in selling their stories.

This trend is beginning to break down, due in part to a virtual revolution in communications throughout South America, and in part to the fact that the role of the U.S. in the world is changing.

Improved communications systems have allowed newsmen based in, say, Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro the type of physical ease in filing that for years was taken for granted in other parts of the world. Up until the last year or two, just the simple act of filing a story was often more time consuming than obtaining the basic data. A crazy crisscross quilt of antique radio circuits north and southbound kept much of the South American continent semi-isolated and made reporting a nightmare. Pre-satellite photo transmissions were costly, often of questionable quality and required plenty of patience. With the new ease in basic facilities, correspondents may now concentrate on their main job—news gathering, interpreting and writing—and start forgetting the filing headaches.

The decreasing dominance of the U.S. in the world arena has pointed up the increasing importance of South America, both within and outside of the Western Hemisphere. Quite obviously, the amount of knowledge needed and desired about South American nations elsewhere

in the world has created a need for improved reporting from the area.

And there is plenty to report. Brazil, a country larger than the continental United States, is flexing its international political muscles and emerging as a counterweight in world politics, the “second voice” of the Western Hemisphere. Shifting patterns of events with direct or indirect importance to the U.S., such as the course of Chile’s socialist government, the rise of “new breed” leftist military regimes in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, the groping of Argentina to come to grips again with Peronism, the breakdown of little Uruguay, the former “showpiece” of South American democracy, the rising unity of regional opinion against the economic dictates of the U.S., all provide topics of significance for the foreign press to put into focus.

The revolutions and the earthquakes will continue. But South America, a fascinating, difficult region to cover, has much more to offer the reading public of the world. The often-quoted phrase that reporters in the area have humorlessly repeated—Americans will do anything for Latin America except read about it—may finally be considered an antique comment about the past.

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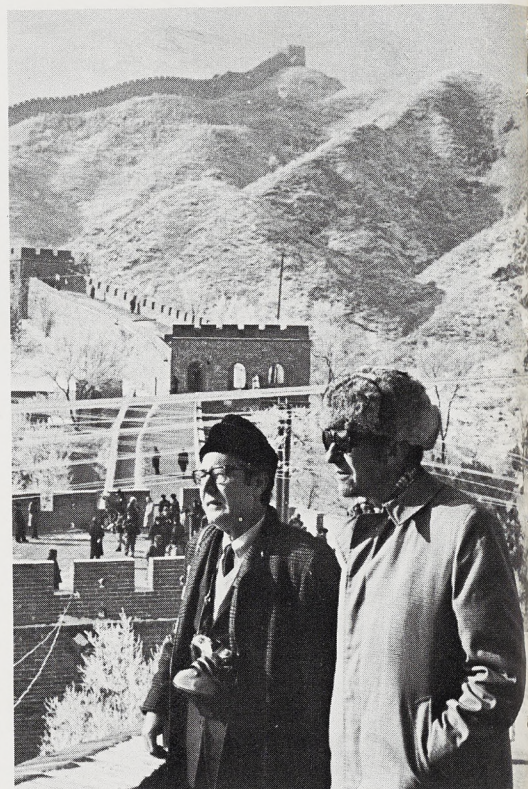
Homebound from China, OPC member Fay Wells, Storer Broadcasting, relaxes.

OPC member Hugh Mulligan, Associated Press, checks his notes with interpreter in Peking.



OPC member Dan Rather, CBS correspondent, right, and CBS cameraman Jim Kartes at Peking airport.

OPCers look at China



Associated Press correspondents Frank Cormier, right, and OPC member Henry Hartzenbush at the Great Wall outside Peking.



At dinner in Peking OPC member and columnist William Buckley, third from right, gets the chopsticks to his mouth. At his right, CBS's Walter Cronkite and author Theodore White move with care. NBC cameraman Fred Montague only looks on hungrily.

The First Shoe

by Robert B. Considine

Coverage of President Nixon's trip to the People's Republic of China was made rather easy for us by officials of the closed society of China and difficult for us by officials of the open society of the United States. The Chinese provided guide-interpreters to take us to our choices of six feature stories on each of the President's five days in Peking. The Americans wouldn't give us the time of day when asked for interim reports on how the Nixon-Chou En-lai talks were progressing.

We never learned what actually was said when the President met for an hour with Chairman Mao Tse-tung on his first day in Peking. We never learned where the meeting took place, or why Secretary of State William Rogers was not invited. Dr. Kissinger, when asked why the Shanghai Communiqué made no mention of the U.S.-Taiwan mutual defense pact, said he couldn't answer a crazy question like that because, after all, he was speaking on the territory of a land with which we have no diplomatic relations.

The People's Republic of China has not been renowned during the past quarter of a century for encouraging freedom of speech. But during the President's stay, it bent so far backwards to keep us uncensored that it was sometimes embarrassing. Typewriter reporters, the least of the Chosen Few who made the trip, found themselves pleading with the Chinese at the telegraph desk to please, please, pretty please send their stuff soonest. The desks might mull for an hour over a typographical error, "adn" for "and," or call a reporter in the middle of the night and ask him if he wished to have an x'd-out word sent with the x's included.

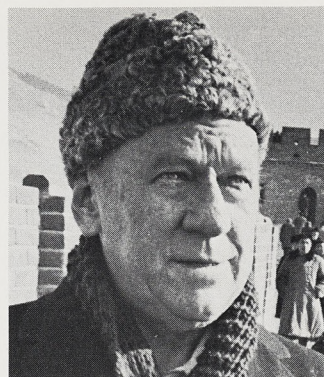
So a typewriter journalist might find (by means of an angry "rocket" from the New York or Washington office) that his stuff arrived nine hours late.

Pencil and pad blokes with home-paper or wire-service offices able to take dictation or tape-record their stories have never had it better than on the Nixon trip, thanks to a magnificent Hughes (Howard, that is) satellite in synchronous orbit 22,300 miles up over the Pacific. They could pick up an antique-looking phone in their hotel rooms, or at the well-manned and womaned press headquarters nearby, and get their offices on the other side of the planet almost instantly. The "connections" were mystifyingly marvelous. Bill Kennedy, columnist for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, called me one day and exclaimed, "My God, this connection is great! You sound like you're in the next laundry."

The Nixon trip, in retrospect, was a television story. Maybe all such voyages in behalf of peace or accommodation will hereafter be. NBC's Barbara Walters, prettily bundled up in February on the Great Wall, had more clout than James Michener in the Reader's Digest of the following May, though it is conceivable that Michener might have had somewhat more to say. CBS's Eric Sevareid's well-bred disdain of something or other that offended his olfactory organ outraced Bill Buckley's carefully composed sniff on the air by days.

Since there was so little hard news until the Communiqué and its Rosetta Stones were rolled out, the trip was one long and beautiful succession of feature stories:

"I'll not forget that young Spring day in Hangchou



Robert B. Considine,
King Features
Syndicate

when, serving my fellow-man as the lone "pooler" (to my fellow-men's dismay), I hovered over a wonderful exchange between Pat and Chou at a pleasant little aviary on the West Lake of that delightful place. The President had moved on, more enamored of the picture postcard scenery outside than of the feathered mates in their cages. Not Pat and Chou! They are apparently secret members of the Audubon Society. They strolled together from one cage to another in the octagonally shaped bird sanctuary. At one cage, Chou said something tender to the birds, who only tweet in Mandarin.

"I talk to my bird like that, too," the First Lady said, the trip's first indication that she spoke Mandarin.

"At the next cage, a memorable scene. It was that of a pair of rather stupid looking lovebirds. They awakened at the approach of two of the most famous people in the world and, so it shouldn't be a total loss, went into the greatest love scene since Greta Garbo and John Gilbert finally got together. The premier of the People's Republic of China blushed and looked from side to side, pained that this amorous scene should imperil the detente. Pat—the real star of our trip—saved the day. She looked at him sweetly and said, 'Lovey dovey!'

"Unfortunately for the 'pool' report, I fainted and cracked my skull on a 12,000-year old concrete bridge."

Hugh Mulligan, of the Associated Press, and I visited a 300-year old Catholic Church in Peking. It had every accouterment we remembered as altar boys—except altar boys. It had a confessional, pews, poor box, Stations of the Cross, altars, holy water fonts, a hint of incense, Communion rail—and one more (cap E) Evangelist, since it broke with the Vatican in 1952. The Evangelists in China are now Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Mao. Most every foreign missionary, including the saintly octogenarian Maryknoll Bishop James Walsh, was a CIA spy—it was explained to us by a fine looking Chinese Catholic priest named Shih. He wore a Roman collar and a Mao suit. Mulligan and I decided not to go to Confession that day. Father Shih might give us his usual penance, we figured: three Hail Marys and 20 years in the can.

Almost every working stiff agreed that, for all its aggravations, this trip was maybe the best assignment he ever had. Some of us are eagerly waiting to make the trip with the President to the Soviet Union. We wouldn't want to miss being in on it when he drops that other shoe.

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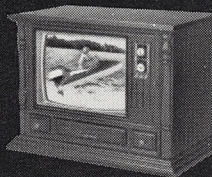
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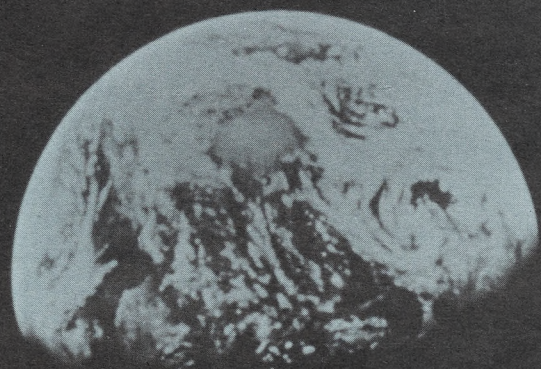


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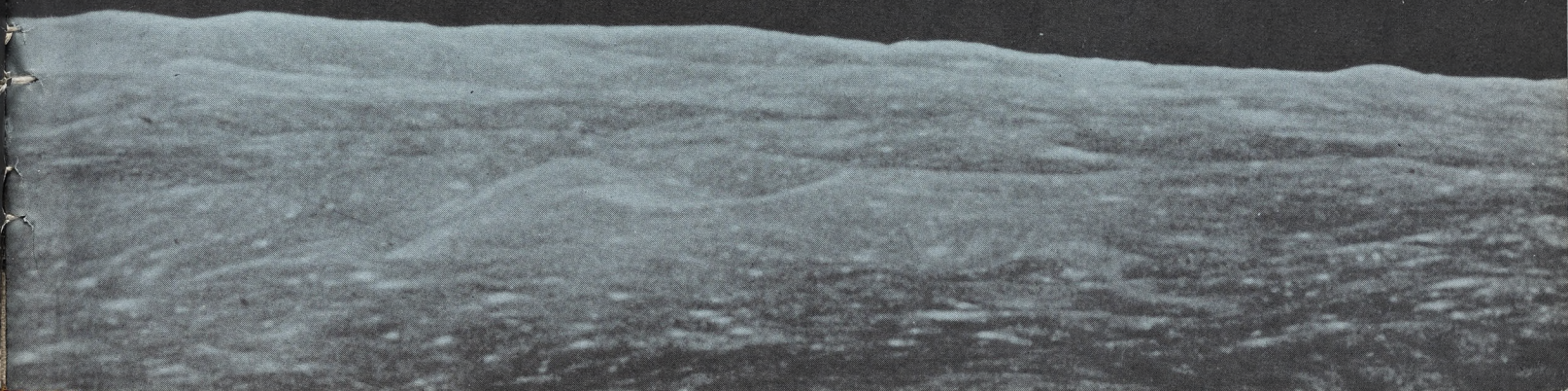
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THE
OVERSEAS
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AWARDS
1971





CLASS 1

**Best daily newspaper
or wire service
reporting from abroad**

Sydney Schanberg

For his series of reports
to The New York Times
from India and Pakistan.

Mr. Schanberg was assigned to his present post as chief of The Times bureau in New Delhi, India in June 1969. Born in Clinton, Massachusetts, he entered Harvard University on a scholarship in 1951. There he majored in American Government and graduated in 1955 with a BA degree. In late 1956 he was drafted into the Army. His period of service was spent mostly in West Germany where he was an army newspaper reporter. In March 1959 he joined The New York Times as a copyboy and by December 1960 was a general assignment reporter. In December 1964 he was assigned to cover the New York State legislature and government in Albany. He became Albany bureau chief of The Times in October 1967, a post he held until joining the foreign staff in 1969.

Citation

CHARLOTTE SAIKOWSKI/
of The Christian Science Monitor,
for a series on Poland. Miss
Saikowski was cited by the OPC
in 1970 for her series
"Russia in the 70s,"
also for The Monitor.

Judges/Angelo Natale,
Whitman Bassow, Edwin Tetlow



Citation

WILLIAM MONTALBANO/
of The Miami Herald,
for his "Chile Interpretives."

Citation

ARLENE LUM/of The Honolulu
Star-Bulletin, for her articles
on "The New China."

CLASS 2

**Best newspaper or wire service
interpretation of foreign affairs**

Robert S. Elegant

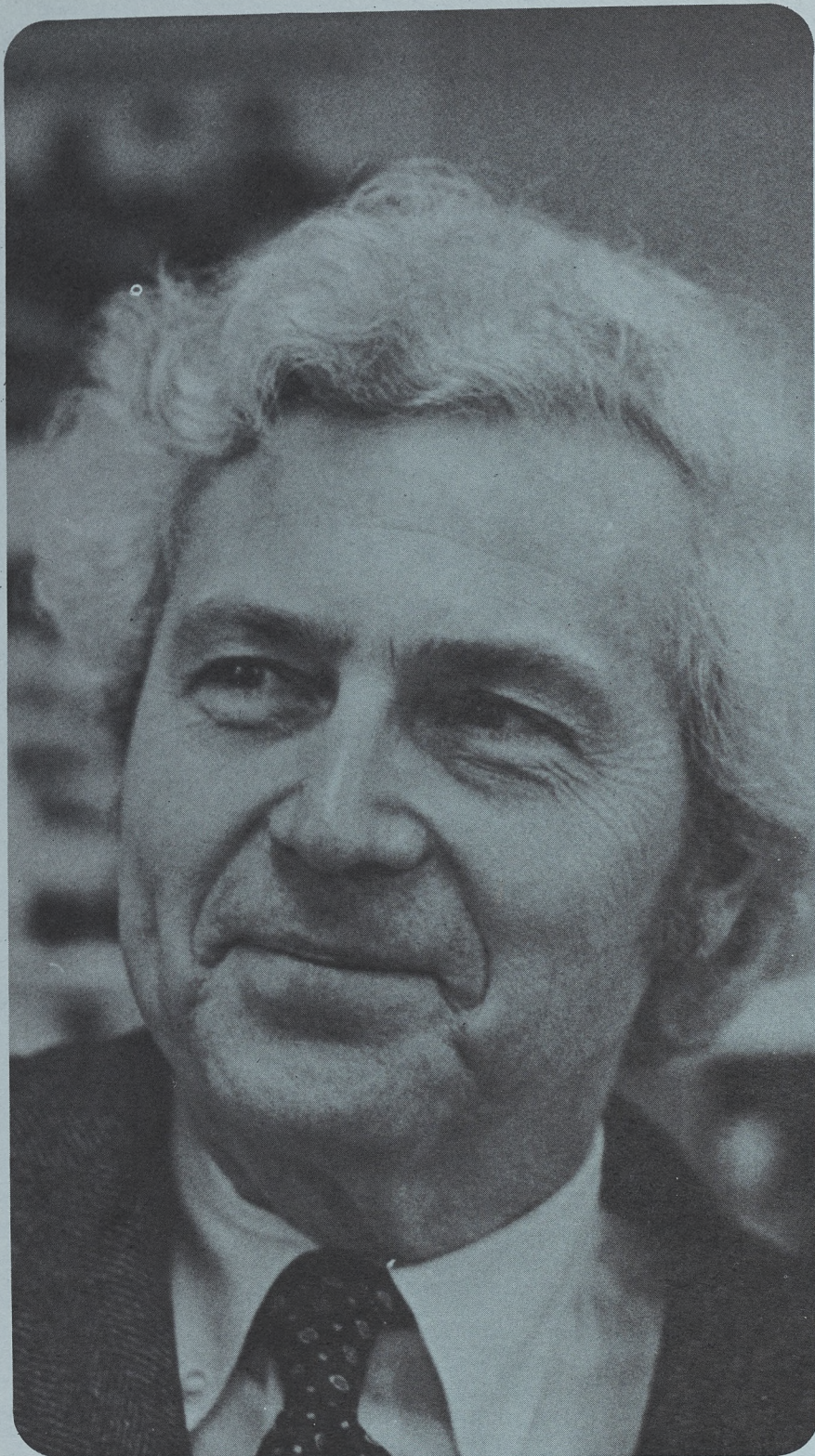
The award was granted for his
articles to The Los Angeles Times
on both European and Asian affairs.

Mr. Elegant joined The Los Angeles Times in 1965. Initially he served as Hong Kong bureau chief and, for the past two years, has been The Times's world affairs columnist. His analytical articles in 1966 and 1968 won the Overseas Press Club Award for Best Daily Newspaper or Wire Service Interpretation of Foreign Affairs. In 1962 he was cited by the OPC for best magazine reporting from abroad. In 1966, also, he won the Sigma Delta Chi award for Best Foreign Reporting. In 1951 he served as Far Eastern correspondent for the Overseas News Agency, went to Korea to cover the Korean war for International News Service, and later, from Singapore, wrote for the North American Newspaper Alliance and broadcast for CBS News. From 1956 to 1965 he was Newsweek's man in South Asia and later in Central Europe. He is the author of "China's Red Masters," "The Dragon's Seed," "The Center of the World," "A Kind of Treason," "The Seeking," and "Mao's Great Cultural Revolution."

Special Out-of-Category Citation

NEIL SHEEHAN and THE NEW
YORK TIMES STAFF/for the series
"The Pentagon Papers"

Judges/John Luter,
Alfred Balk, John Tebbel



CLASS 3

**Best newspaper or wire service
photo reporting from abroad**

The New York Times

The 1971 OPC award in this category went to The Times for excellence in general photographic coverage from abroad. Mr. John Morris, representative of his award winning staff, is Picture Editor of The New York Times.

Citation

HORST FAAS and MICHEL LAURENT/of The Associated Press, for "Death in Dacca."

Judges/Charles E. Rotkin and Barrett Gallagher, John Durniak, John Morris, Arthur Rothstein



CLASS 4

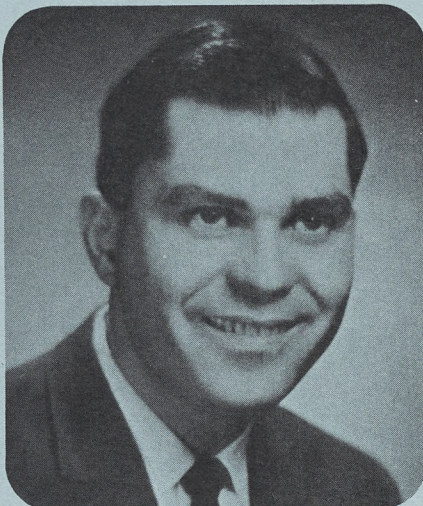
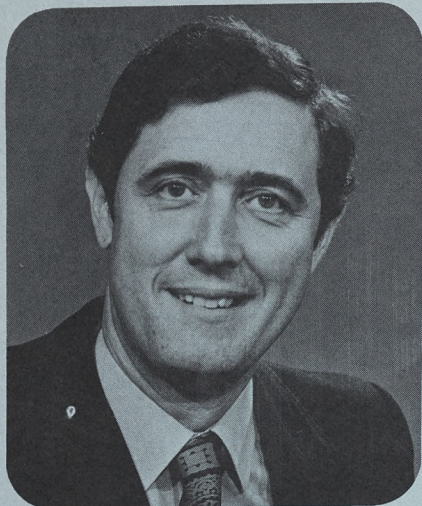
**Best photographic reporting
or interpretation from abroad
in a magazine or book**

Frank Fischbeck

For his photographic essay
in Life Magazine on "China"

Mr. Fischbeck was born in South-west Africa of German parents. He was educated in South Africa and began working in the dark room of the Rand Daily Mail as a learner-photographer at the age of 17. He left The Mail but returned briefly after a year of hitchhiking through Asia. That gave him a taste for the world and he then travelled through most of Black Africa. Later he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, then went to Germany where he free-lanced for Der Stern and Quick, returning to South Africa in 1966. In that year he got into trouble with the South African government for photographing black prisoners in handcuffs. He was convicted in one case and restricted to Johannesburg in another. He obtained a West German passport and left the country immediately. Since then he has been based in Hong Kong.

Judges/Charles E. Rotkin,
Barrett Gallagher, John Durniak,
John Morris, Arthur Rothstein



Top: Thomas Fenton
Center left: John Laurence
Center right: William Plante
Bottom left: Bert Quint
Bottom right: Don Webster

Judges/Russell C. Tornabene,
Thomas O'Brien, James Quigley,
Richard Rosse, Mike Stein,
Peter Wells

CLASS 5

**Best radio spot news
reporting from abroad**

CBS News

For CBS coverage
of the India-Pakistan war
during December 1971.

For the second consecutive year this award has been given to CBS Radio News for its broadcasts under the direction of Emerson Stone. The men on this team are representative —there are many other CBS men and women involved. Not pictured here is Ernest Weatherall, who contributed heavily to the award winning coverage but is not at present a CBS staffer but a valued stringer for the network.

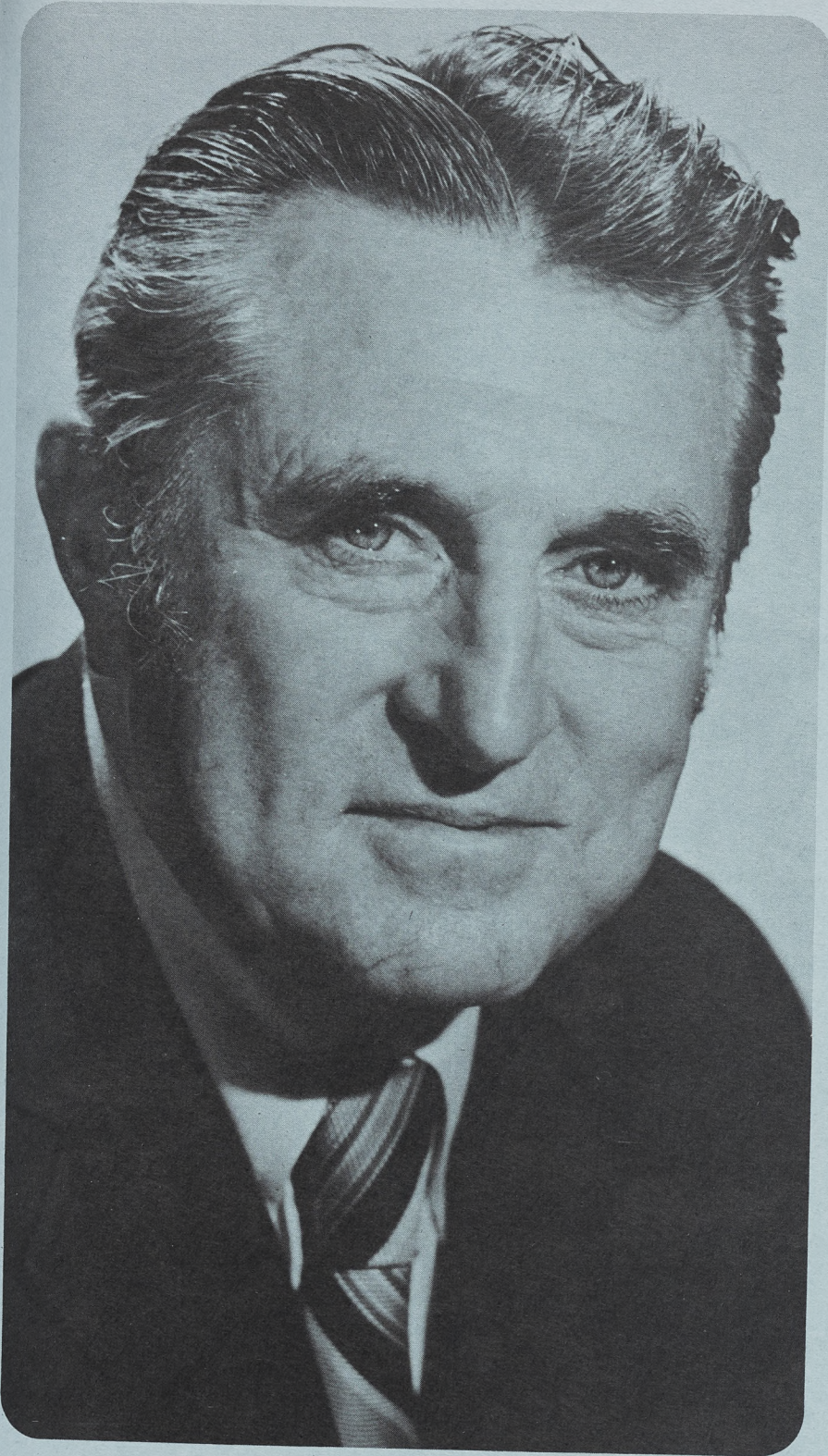
Thomas Fenton joined CBS in its Rome bureau in September 1970. He came to the net from The Baltimore Sun. In 1968 he opened the Paris bureau of The Sun and won an Overseas Press Club citation for coverage of the Paris "Days of May" and the Viet Nam peace talks.

John Laurence was a member of the CBS team that won an award last year. He also won an OPC citation for radio reporting in Viet Nam in 1965. Mr. Laurence came to CBS in that year from WNEW Radio in New York.

William Plante currently is serving his third assignment with the CBS News bureau in Saigon. Mr. Plante was a member of the award winning CBS team last year. He came to the net after serving as assistant news director at WISN-TV, the CBS affiliate in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Bert Quint has called Rome his home CBS base since October 1970. He was a stringer for CBS News in Latin America from 1961 until he joined the net as a full correspondent in 1965.

Don Webster is CBS bureau manager in Hong Kong. He also was a member of 1970's award winning team. He joined CBS News as a reporter in New York in June 1963 and became a CBS correspondent in January 1968.



CLASS 6

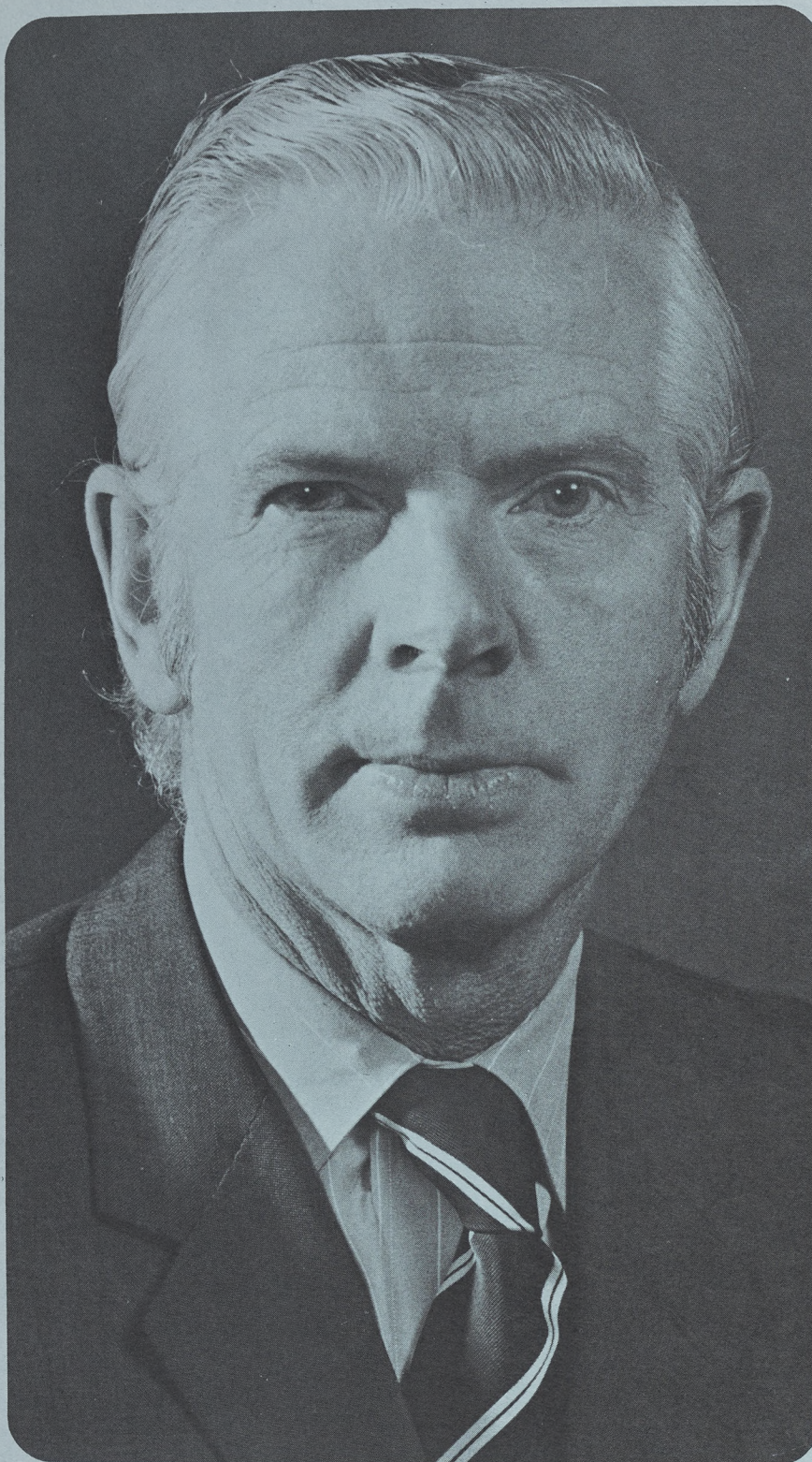
**Best radio interpretation
of foreign affairs**

James Quigley

The 1971 award in this category
is for "A World Reflection:
How They See Us."

The program was an examination
by NBC News correspondents
around the world on how nations
view the United States in the context
of foreign affairs, the American
economy, internal politics and
society. James Quigley was the
show's producer. Anchorman was
Wilson Hall. Mr. Quigley joined
NBC News in 1957. At the net he
has been managing editor, news,
on the Monitor program; producer
of World News Roundup, News
of the World, election coverage,
Apollo space flights and many
special programs. Currently he is
Senior Producer, NBC Radio News.

Judges/Russell C. Tornabene,
Thomas O'Brien, James Quigley,
Richard Rosse, Mike Stein,
Peter Wells



CLASS 7

**Best radio documentary
on foreign affairs**

CLASS 17

**Best article or report
on Asia in any medium**

John Rich

The CLASS 7 award was for "Return to Peking" and that for CLASS 17 for his radio and television "Reports from China."

John Rich, of NBC News, is the seventh correspondent to win a double OPC award since 1947. In CLASS 7 it was for his April 21, 1971 report on "Return to Peking" following a ten-day tour of China. The title was apt, since Mr. Rich had reported on mainland China 22 years earlier. He was, in 1971, one of three American newsmen permitted to enter the country with the U.S. ping pong team. Thus he became the first American newsman to file a television report from Communist China. During President Nixon's February 1972 visit to Peking, Mr. Rich was again on the scene for NBC. His work also won him the CLASS 17 award for "Reports from China." He joined NBC in 1950 during the Korean war which, until that time, he had been covering for the now defunct International News Service. Currently his base is in Tokyo.

Citation

CLASS 17: TILLMAN DURDIN/for
"Reports from China"
to The New York Times.

Judges/CLASS 7: Russell C. Tornabene, Thomas O'Brien, James Quigley, Richard Rosse, Mike Stein, Peter Wells

CLASS 17: Walter Rundle,
Fred Sparks, Don Dixon



CLASS 8

**Best TV spot news
reporting from abroad**

Phil Brady

For his reports from Pakistan
and from Viet Nam
on the NBC Nightly News.

NBC News correspondent Phil Brady currently is based in Hong Kong. He joined the network in July 1969 as a writer for "Sixth Hour News" on WNBC-TV in New York. Born in Mineola, Long Island, he grew up in Port Washington. He received a BA degree from Columbia University in 1961 and on graduation was commissioned in the Marine Corps. Two years later he became an adviser to a Vietnamese Marine battalion in Viet Nam, then he returned to the United States and joined the State Department. From August 1966 to April 1969 he was a U.S. foreign service officer in Viet Nam.

Judges/James Harper, Donald Coe,
Howard Kany



CLASS 9

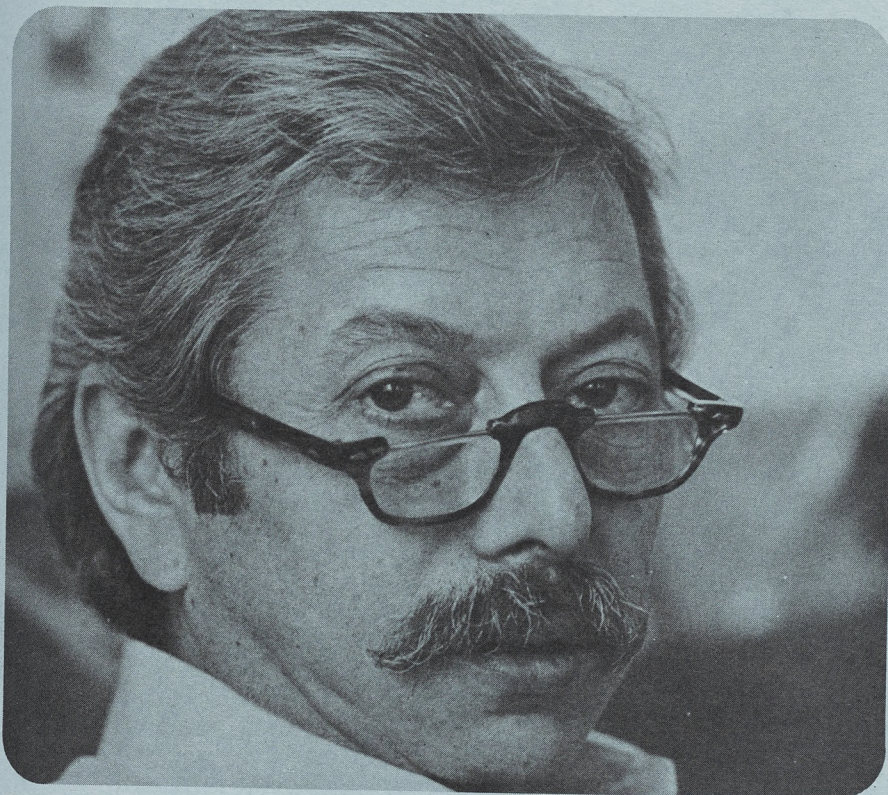
**Best TV interpretation
of foreign affairs**

John Hart

The award goes to John Hart and the news staff of CBS for "The Two Weeks War: Whose Victory?"

Since August 1970, CBS News correspondent John Hart has anchored the CBS Morning News with John Hart on the television network. He and the CBS news team assisting him in "The Two Weeks War: Whose Victory?" show put together a perceptive analysis of the shifting political and power balances resulting from the India-Pakistan war. Mr. Hart was named a CBS News correspondent in August 1965. Before that, he had been bureau manager-correspondent for the CBS owned television stations' Washington news bureau. Before going to Washington, he was with KNXT, the CBS owned television station in Los Angeles.

Judges/James Harper, Donald Coe,
Howard Kany



Top: George Watson
Bottom: Ernest Pendrell

CLASS 10

**Best TV documentary
on foreign affairs**

George Watson and Ernest Pendrell

For the ABC team's
"Terror in Northern Ireland."

ABC correspondent George Watson and Producer Ernest Pendrell fashioned the documentary, a timely and perceptive closeup look at Ulster, torn by civil war, and the possibility of the north's eventual reunification with the Irish Republic to the south. Mr. Watson was named London bureau chief for ABC in January 1969. In his ten years' association with the net, he has traveled around the world to report major news developments for the ABC television and radio networks. He was with The Washington Post before moving to ABC's Washington bureau in 1962.

Producer-writer Ernest Pendrell has come up with 30 documentaries in the last ten years—25 of them for ABC News. He was born in England and educated at Columbia University and the Sorbonne. In addition to his radio-television work, Mr. Pendrell has written five plays for the stage which have been produced in Europe. His poetry has appeared in The Saturday Review, Mexican Life and The Paris Review. He also has been a newspaperman and has written a screenplay for an RKO feature film.

Judges/James Harper, Donald Coe,
Howard Kany



Arnaud de Borchgrave and Israel Prime Minister Golda Meir

CLASS 11

**Best magazine
reporting from abroad**

Arnaud de Borchgrave

The 1971 award was granted for his interviews with Egyptian head of state Anwar Sadat and Israel's Prime Minister Golda Meir for Newsweek.

As Newsweek's senior foreign correspondent, Arnaud de Borchgrave has covered many of the major international news events and crises of the times. He joined the weekly publication in 1951 and operates from a headquarters in Paris with most of the world as his beat. Mr.

de Borchgrave was born in Belgium. In World War II he escaped to England during the Nazi invasion of France. He then spent two years on naval convoy duty in the North Atlantic. After the war he freelanced in eastern Europe before joining the staff of United Press. After coming to Newsweek in 1951 he acted as correspondent briefly, then became the magazine's Paris bureau chief. In 1955 he was transferred to New York, made a general editor, then named senior editor in charge of international affairs in the same year.

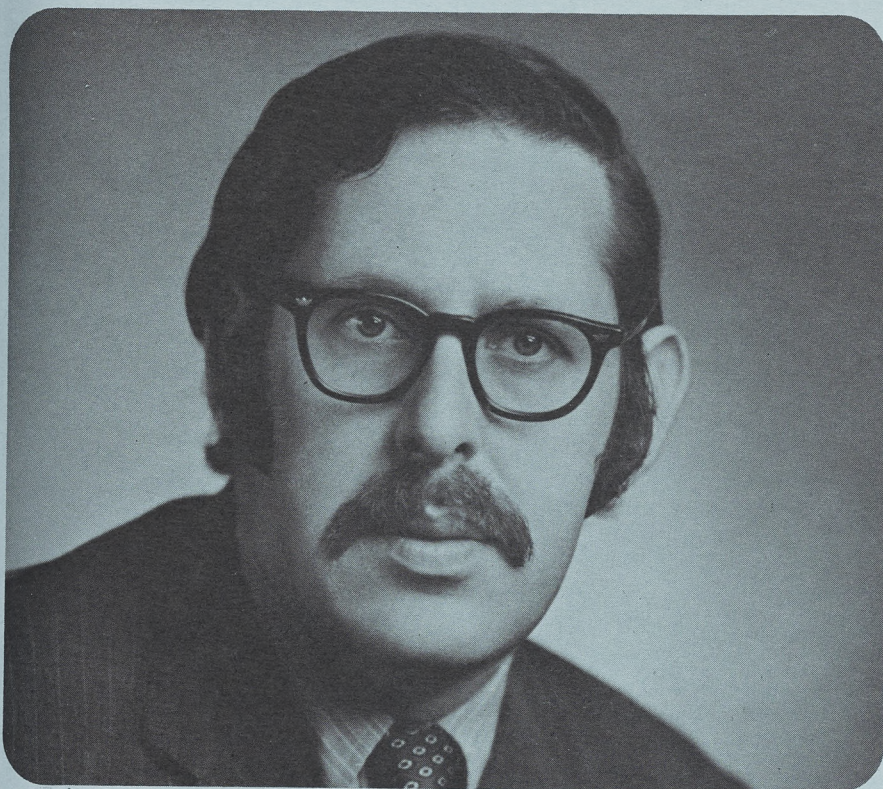
Citation

DON KIRK/of The Chicago Tribune, for his pieces in The New York Times Magazine, for "Who Wants to be the Last American Killed in Viet Nam?" and "Why They Call Lon Nol 'The Mayor of Phnom Penh'." Mr. Kirk was cited by the OPC in 1967 for his reporting on Indonesia and articles on that country in The New York Times Magazine, the New Leader and The Reporter.

Citation

J. ROBERT MOSKIN/of the former Look Magazine, for his article "Israeli Youth: The Coming Explosion."

Judges/Grace Naismith, Jean Baer, John McAllister, Ralph Schulz



Top: John L. Cobbs
Bottom: Gordon L. Williams

CLASS 12

**Best magazine interpretation
of foreign affairs**

John L. Cobbs and Gordon L. Williams

For their work in Business Week
on "The Deadlock Over the Dollar."

Both Mr. Cobbs and Mr. Williams are staff members of Business Week Magazine. Mr. Cobbs was born in Washington, D.C. in 1917. He graduated with an AB in economics from Stanford University in 1939 and received his MA degree in 1940. In 1942 he joined Business Week as finance editor. In 1966 he was named editor of the magazine. He won the Sigma Delta Chi distinguished service award for magazine reporting in 1959 and the School Bell award of the National Education Association in 1958.

Mr. Williams was born in Chicago in 1933. He graduated from the University of Illinois in 1955 with a BSc. in journalism. In 1957 he served with the Chicago Sun-Times as a reporter and in 1958 with the Gary, Indiana Post-Tribune as a political writer. He joined Merchandising Week, a McGraw-Hill publication, in 1959 and came to Business Week in 1961. He was named associate editor of the periodical in November 1971.

Citation

JANET FLANNER (Genêt)/of The New Yorker, for her "Letters from Paris."

Judges/Grace Naismith, Jean Baer, John McAllister, Ralph Schulz



CLASS 13

Best book on foreign affairs

Anthony Austin

The award was granted for "The President's War" published by J.B. Lippincott Company

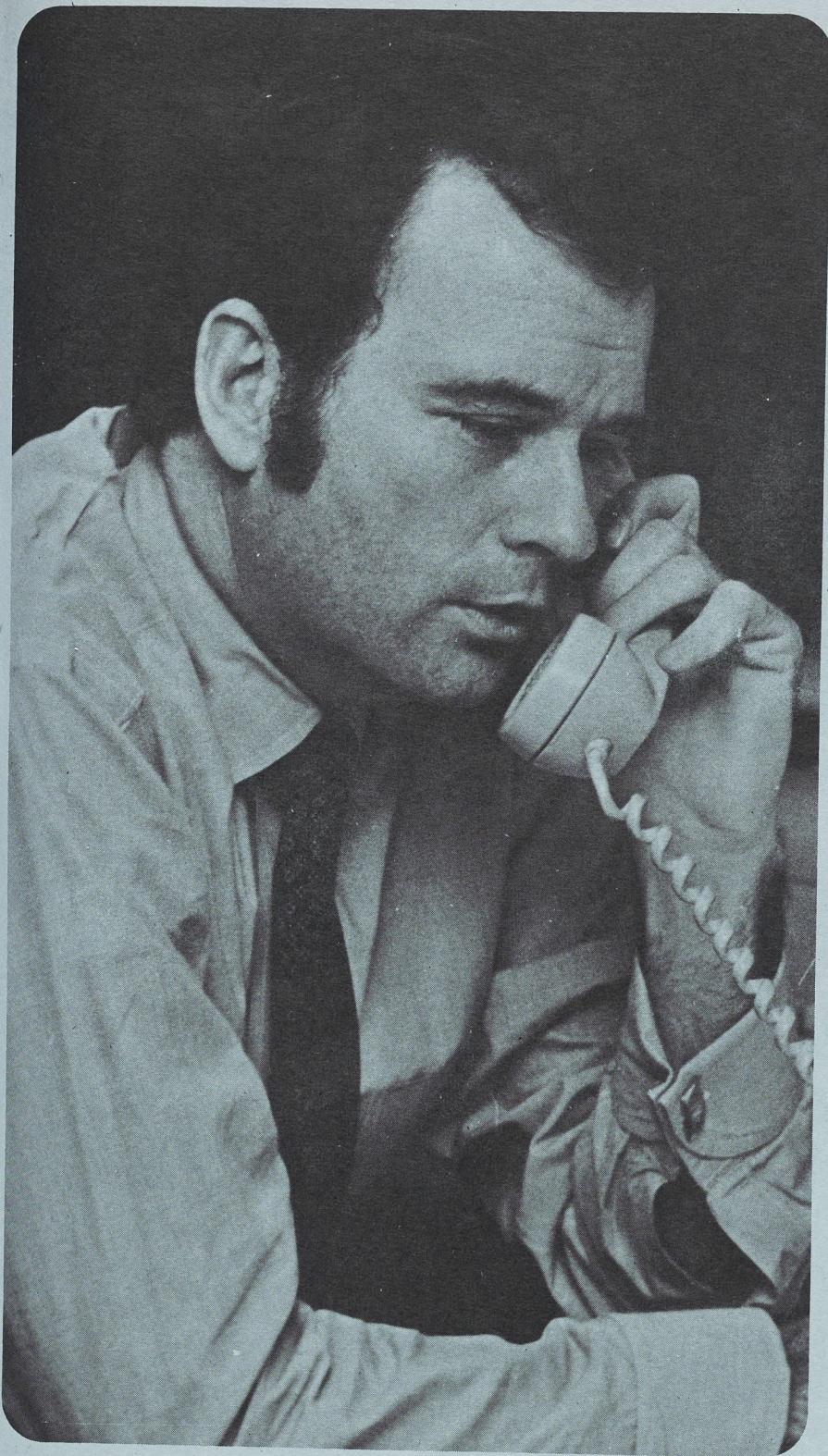
The judges felt the award should be given for this book because of its searching, thoroughly documented study of the events leading up to the Tonkin Bay resolution, for a devastating exposé of the President's role in persuading Congress to accept the official version of the incident which precipitated this nation into the Viet Nam war.

Anthony Austin was born in China, the son of White Russian parents, and educated in American and British schools in Shanghai. He began a newspaper career as a reporter on the China Press and The Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury, the city's English language newspapers published before World War II. At the end of the war Mr. Austin joined the United Press in China where he stayed until 1949. In that year he emigrated to the United States and became a citizen. He worked for the U.P. foreign desk in New York and in other positions until 1961. Since September 1961 he has been a member of The New York Times Sunday Review staff.

Citation

LADISLAS FARAGO/for "The Games of the Foxes," published by David McKay Company.

Judges/Anita Diamant Burke, John Barkham, Larry Blochman, Hallie Burnett, Gerold Frank, Will Oursler, Andrew Ettinger



CLASS 14

**Best cartoon
on foreign affairs**

Don Wright

This \$250 award, sponsored by The New York Daily News and The National Cartoonists Society, was for his Miami News cartoon, "We Survived the War. It Was the Winding Down That Got Us."

Mr. Wright came to Florida from his native California at an early age. After graduating from Florida public schools, he went to work for The Miami News as a copyboy. During that two-year period he began sketching while he ran errands for editors. Then he decided to try photography. He finally became the paper's editorial cartoonist in 1963 and was syndicated by The Washington Star Syndicate in June 1970. Mr. Wright won the Pulitzer Prize in 1966. And in 1968 he became the first winner of the newly established Overseas Press Club award for best cartoon on foreign affairs. In the same year he also won the Grenville Clark Editorial Page Cartoon Award. Prior to that he was honored for best cartoon in The National Catholic Press, cited by the Freedom Foundation, got the Florida School Bell Award for his work in education, and was named Outstanding Young Man in the Communications Media by Florida's Young Democrats.

Judges/John Desmond, James Wechsler, Tom Griffiths



CLASS 15

**Best article or report
on Latin America
in any medium**

Jonathan Kapstein

The award was granted for his coverage in Business Week on "Booming Brazil Finds a Key to Growth."

Mr. Kapstein joined the staff of Business Week in 1969 as the South American bureau chief based in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. For the past three years he has been closely covering Brazil's economic miracle of growth—one of the most rapid in the world. Mr. Kapstein was born in 1939 in Providence, Rhode Island. He graduated from Brown University with an AB in English Literature in 1961 and received his MS from Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism in 1962. In 1967 he received a Ford Foundation Fellowship from the Columbia University International Reporting Program. He has had several freelance articles published in The Nation, The Reporter, and other publications.

Citation

JAMES R. WHELAN/Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, for two articles on "Cuba's Prophet of Gloom."

Judges/Frank E. McCarthy, William H. Gorishek, Jorge Manchego, Juan Lefcovich



CLASS 16

**Best business news reporting
from abroad in any medium**

Leonard S. Silk

The Bache and Company, Incorporated, \$500 award was for his report to The New York Times on "The International Money Crisis."

Mr. Silk is a member of the editorial board of The New York Times and writes a column "Economic Analysis," for its financial section. He joined The Times in 1969, coming from Business Week where he was an editor from 1954 until his departure. He was born in Philadelphia in 1918 and grew up in Atlantic City, New Jersey, where he worked on The Atlantic City Press. Later, he was campus correspondent to The New York Times from Dickinson College and the University of Wisconsin, from which he graduated in 1940. Following Air Force service during World War II, he earned a doctorate in economics at Duke University. He has been Ford Distinguished Visiting Research Professor at Carnegie-Mellon University and a Senior Fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington.

Judges/Henry Gellerman, Harry Jiler, George Bookman



CLASS 18

**Superlative still photography
requiring exceptional courage
and enterprise abroad**

Larry Burrows

The Robert Capa Gold Medal, sponsored by Life Magazine, was awarded posthumously to Mr. Burrows, who was killed on a Life Magazine assignment in Laos in 1971.

Mr. Burrows was reported missing during a helicopter flight over the Laotian war zone on February 10. He was born in London in 1926. He first came to Life Magazine in October 1942 as a dark room technician in the London bureau. Before that he worked briefly in The London Daily Express art department and the Keystone Photo Agency dark room. After he came to Life's dark room, he gradually began taking photographs for the publication, first on salary then for ten years on contract. Mr. Burrows covered war in many places, but he never wanted to be typed as a war photographer. He won the Robert Capa Gold Medal in 1963 and 1965. This year's award made him the trophy's first triple winner. In 1970 he was the winner of the Class 4 Best News Pictures award. In 1966 Mr. Burrows was cited by the Overseas Press Club for the Capa Medal, won in that year by Henri Huet, of The Associated Press, also later killed. Both Mr. Huet and Mr. Burrows were cited in the identical class in 1967.

Citation

HENRI HUET/of The Associated Press

Citation

KENT POTTER/of United Press International

Citation

KEISABURO SHIMAMOTO/of Newsweek.

All three men cited were killed with Mr. Burrows.

Judges/Charles E. Rotkin, Barrett Gallagher, John Durniak, John Morris, Arthur Rothstein



CLASS 19

**Best reporting in any medium
requiring exceptional courage
and enterprise abroad**

Nicholas W. Stroh

The Overseas Press Club George Polk \$500 Memorial Award, sponsored by The Columbia Broadcasting System, was made for his stories in The Washington Star on "Misbehaviour in the Uganda Army."

Mr. Stroh never returned from the assignment that won him the Polk Award. He was presumed killed in July 1971. He had gone to a Uganda Army camp 160 miles from his base in Kampala to investigate rumors of mutiny and massacre in the army. It is known that he spent several days at the camp. Evidently he learned too much. Mr. Stroh and an American professor accompanying him were arrested and never seen again. Mr. Stroh was born in Detroit, Michigan and studied at the University of Michigan where he worked on The Michigan Daily. After serving two years as a U.S. Marine Corps officer, he completed his college degree at Wayne State University in Detroit while working full time as a reporter for The Detroit News. Later, he served in the Peace Corps in Liberia. In September 1965 he went to The Philadelphia Bulletin, which declined to send him to Africa. Leaving the paper, he went to Africa on his own after arranging accreditation to The Washington Star in 1970. It was his last assignment. The American Embassy in Uganda investigated and said he and the American professor must be presumed dead. The Uganda government claimed it had probed the case. On April 5, 1972 it was reported by The New York Times from Uganda that the probe was adjourned indefinitely. The presiding justice said senior army officers were obstructing the investigation.

Judges/Elmer Lower, Roy Rowan,
Lou Boccardi

in MEMORIAM



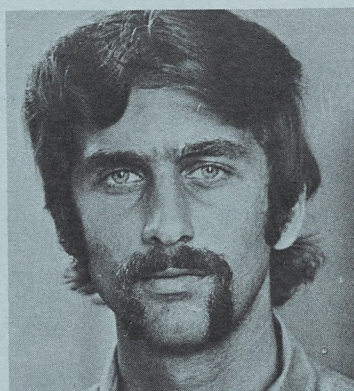
Larry Burrows



Francois Sully



Henri Huet



Kent Potter



Keisaburo Shimamoto

Five newsmen died during February 1971 in Indochina while in performance of their duties. Francois Sully, Newsweek staffer, was killed when the helicopter in which he was riding exploded after taking off from Tay Ninh, 62 miles northeast of Saigon. The other four died when the South Vietnamese helicopter in which they were riding was shot down over Laos. They were OPC 1971 Award winning photographer Larry Burrows, of Life Magazine; Henri Huet, Associated Press photographer; Kent Potter, United Press International photographer, and Keisaburo Shimamoto, Newsweek staffer. Huet, Potter, and Shimamoto were given 1971 OPC citations.

Dateline Donors

For more than twenty years some classifications in the Overseas Press Club's annual presentation of awards for excellence in the coverage of foreign affairs have gained added prestige through the generosity of certain of the communications media, who have provided cash stipends or commemorative medallions for the winners.

This year, as in the past, the Board of Governors and the general membership extend their grateful thanks to these donors, whose professional backing has meant so much in the consistently wider recognition of the awards as outstanding accolades in the news field as a whole.

Our salute again goes to the 1971 donors, who are:

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LIFE MAGAZINE

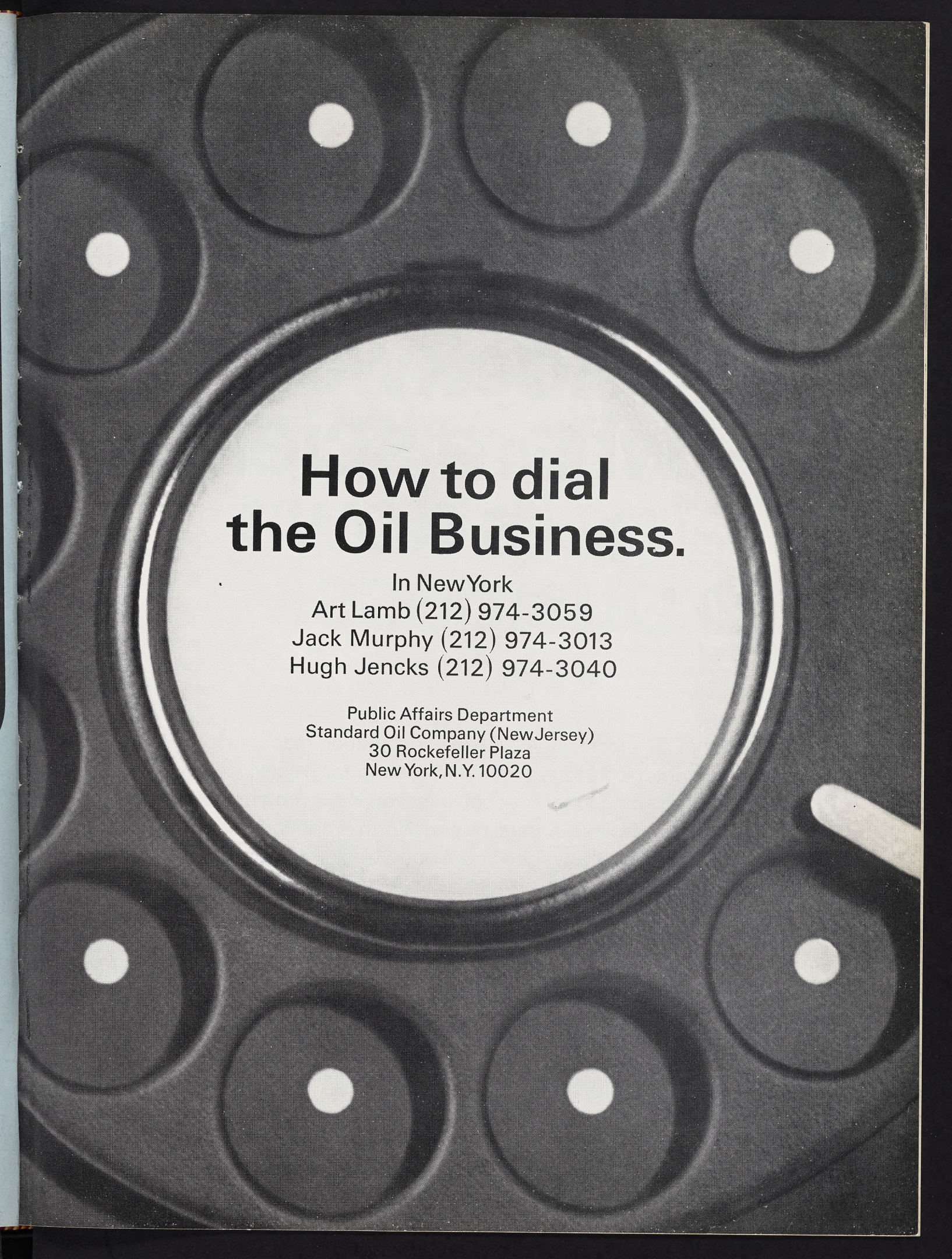
The Robert Capa Gold Medal. Established in 1955 in tribute to the famous cameraman who had covered five wars in eighteen years before falling victim in Indochina to an anti-personnel mine.

THE BACHE AWARD

\$500 for the best business news reporting from abroad in any medium.

THE CARTOONISTS AWARD

\$250 total for the best cartoon on foreign affairs. Established in 1968 by The National Cartoonists Society (\$100) and The New York Daily News (\$150).



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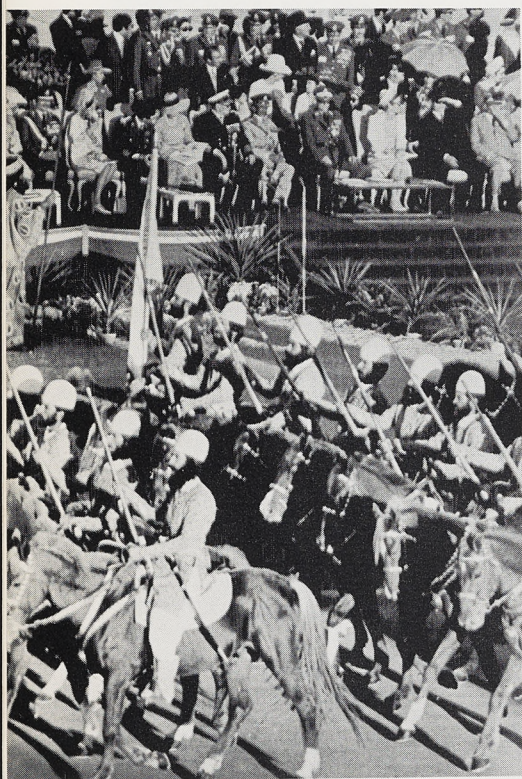




*The ludicrous—
women's libbers in Atlantic City*

We covered...e

*The lugubrious—
barbed wire in Northern Ireland*



*The magnificence—
celebration in Iran*



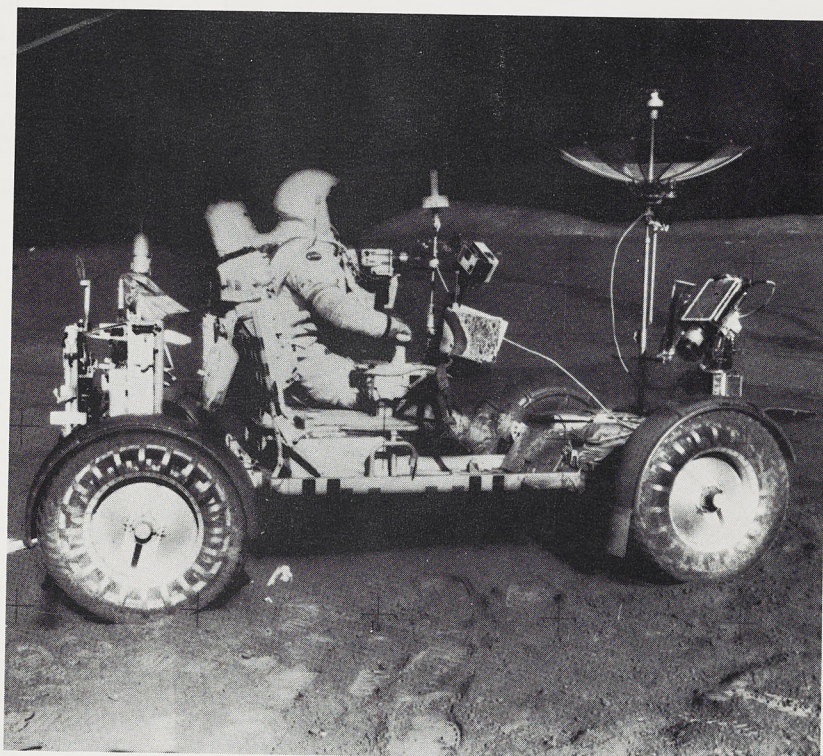
*The misery—
hungry kids in Africa*

everything, everywhere...

The happy—New Orleans carnival



The horrible—death in Bangla Desh



The moon—no air above



The mundane—bad air below



*Before New Hampshire
it was more politics
than disaster*



*In the United Nations
the situation was in be-
tween—still inscrutable*



*And in Enterprise,
Alabama it was a tornado
which whipped through,
leaving destruction
in its wake*



*But in Attica prison
in New York State
the disaster was human
—or inhuman*

and politics and disaster...



*Chile's Marxist politicians
were close to disaster
and made little progress against miser-*



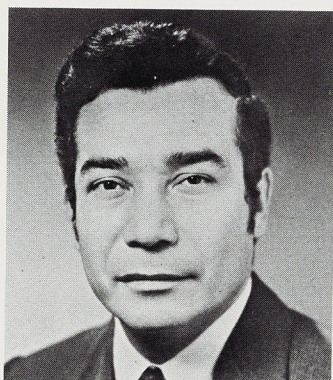
*A natural disaster befell San Fernan-
California via an earthquake*

A Bill of No Rights: The Tragedy of Attica and the American Prison System

by Herman Badillo and Milton Haynes

After the bloody smashing of the Attica, New York prison riot in September 1971, the newspapers, magazines and television news programs were full of material on America's prisons. The tone of these articles and reports was that the American system of caging a million or more individuals every day in jails and prisons was a bitter and costly failure.

The revolt of the 1,200 prisoners at Attica sprang with grim logic from the set of conditions prevailing there, conditions prevailing at virtually every other state maximum-security prison in the country.



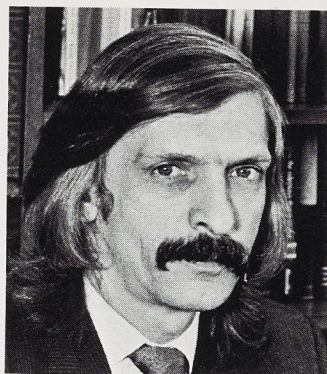
Herman Badillo,
U.S. Representative
from New York

Countless studies by commissions and committees of every description have urged fundamental prison reform for at least a century, yet nothing ever happens behind the walls, except that, if anything, the repression, the guard-inmate tensions, the bad food and boredom and dehumanization get worse. Of course, this schizoid scheme of at once punishing and reforming a human being does *not* work.

By no means is this to argue for a "country club" atmosphere in prisons. But it is to argue for—as the inmates at Attica did in their 28 demands—a decent, humane environment. American society has preferred, indeed insisted upon, not dealing with the failure of its penal system. Society has not dealt, either, with what happened at Attica in the crushing of the rebellion, nor what the riot was about.

The press got bogged down in reporting that rebellious prisoners were demanding to be given safe-conduct to a "non-imperialist country." Any member of the committee of observers who went to Attica to help in mediating the crisis will vouch that not more than 20 of 1,200 inmates in the yard voted for the "safe-passage" issue during a town meeting in the prison yard on Friday night, September 10. What the prisoners did vote for overwhelmingly was better food, religious freedom, an end to censorship of the mail they could send and receive, adequate medical care, less cell-time, a more modern school, and training for guards.

Governor Rockefeller and Corrections Commissioner Russell Oswald claimed after the riot that it had been led and incited by a band of hard-core, incorrigible



Milton Haynes,
Associated Press

revolutionaries—"Maoists." Instead of addressing themselves to the urgent necessity for prison reform, Rockefeller and Oswald—racing full tilt toward the middle ages—are pushing plans through the state legislature for creation of the "maximum-maximum" security prison—a redundancy so long discredited in penology (Alcatraz is its costly monument) that it's astonishing they haven't been hooted down.

In that "max-max," as it's already called, they will house a wildly varying number of these mythical revolutionaries. Of course, these hardened inmates, like 98 per cent of the prison population, will be released at some time or other to express their gratitude to society.

By no measurement could State Senator John Dunne, the legislature's resident expert on prisons, be described as a radical. Yet Dunne has said the "max-max" might be a facility which could be characterized as a black concentration camp, which might be more destructive than those forces we are trying to overcome." (Fred Ferretti, *The New York Times*, Sept. 23, 1971).

What happened at Attica was that the state called upon a number of outside observers, some of them requested by the inmates, to negotiate the crisis. The Committee of Observers, a remarkably disparate group, with representatives from many political persuasions and races got together, met with the inmates, and presented the 28 demands to Oswald. The commissioner accepted virtually all of them and signed them.

Though Rockefeller claims he rejected the inmates' demand that he come to Attica and meet with them, what actually happened was the *Committee of Observers* asked that he come and meet with them as a means of avoiding a bloodbath. As is well known, he refused, preferring to remain at Pocantico Hills, and leaving the Attica situation in the hands of Oswald and other state advisers.

What happened on Monday morning, September 13, was a massacre that could have been avoided. Thirty-nine persons—including the nine hostages the troopers had been sent to rescue—were gunned down in a senseless slaughter (four others died otherwise).

The inescapable reality of Attica is that after this horrendous massacre there occurred behind the walls of Attica what a Federal Appeals Court in New York was later to describe as—"an orgy of brutality,"—the torture and beating and other mistreatment of inmates by state troopers and guards. That did not happen in some far away country or in some other time. It happened at Attica in 1971.

Every journalist knows what happened to the press at Attica. Reports that the nine hostages died of slashed throats—"cold-blooded inmate atrocity"—were printed and broadcast for almost a full day—sometimes with

attribution nailing the state officials who spread the stories—more often not. Only the next day was it revealed that all the hostages died of gunshot wounds.

Now, with Attica fading in the background, all that pain and shame may come to nothing unless political figures and journalists follow through. In political life we can press for action to see that the law is followed behind prison walls, and journalism can keep the light trained on these dark places of American life—end stations of our Justice.

Excerpted From

A Bill of No Rights: Attica and the American Prison System, by Herman Badillo and Milton Haynes. Published on May 31 by Outerbridge and Lazard.

Public Television: Where's It Going?

by John W. Macy Jr.

Public television has come a long way since its early days when talking heads, often belonging to professors, dominated its programming. Such programs as "Sesame Street," "The Electric Company," "Hollywood Television Theatre," "Civilisation," "The Great American Dream Machine" and others have not only come to represent some of the best of American television, but have begun to provide an example for the rest of the industry. As a result, the question regarding public television is no longer: Is it here to stay? but rather: Where does it go from here?



John W. Macy Jr.,
*President
Corporation for
Public Broadcasting*

The strongest boost to public television in recent years came in 1967 with the enactment by Congress of the Public Broadcasting Act. This law established Federal support of public broadcasting as national policy and set up the Corporation for Public Broadcasting to distribute this funding and provide a central leadership role.

From the beginning, it was clear that CPB represented a unique kind of organization. While it receives most of its funding from the Federal government, it is a private organization accountable to a 15-member Board of Directors appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. This arrangement was devised to insure insulation between Federal dollars and the programs they help to produce.

As additional evidence of this concern, CPS's function was closely defined:

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* It was to help guide the future of a system composed of local, autonomous and very independent stations—stations rightfully proud of their prerogatives both by conviction and by the requirements of the Communications Act of 1934.

* It was to promote balance and objectivity in programming (by mandate of the Act) while specifically being prohibited—again by the Act—from owning production and distribution facilities.

* It was to perform a catalogue of tasks, some with different purposes such as establishment of interconnection for the distribution of national programs and aid to stations to augment local programs.

And all of this was to be done on a limited budget.

Opponents of the Public Broadcasting Act said this couldn't be done, and even some supporters had their doubts. Yet I believe this arrangement has worked, and in less than four years a new kind of broadcasting enterprise has grown and proven itself—a broadcasting enterprise unlike its commercial counterparts and unlike any foreign broadcasting organization with ties to government.

There has been *no* government interference, despite occasional claims to the contrary.

Instead there has been an evolving system of excellence and diversity whose growth is best seen in its programming—programming which has included public affairs presentations of increasing professionalism.

This growth, however, is in no way assured. For the fuel on which the dream of a great public television machine must operate is money, and money has always been the scarcest commodity in public television.

When the Carnegie Commission on Public Television

studied the industry six years ago, it concluded that the Corporation for Public Broadcasting could not achieve its goals unless it had a basic minimum annual budget of 56 million dollars. In place of this, however, CPB has received annual appropriations of five million, 15 million, 23 million and 35 million, for an annual average of less than 20 million dollars.

The prospects for next year are that CPB will receive more than 35 million dollars—but still far less than the industry needs. And remaining as elusive as ever has been progress on permanent financing (such as Carnegie recommended through a tax on the sale of TV sets) that would remove public broadcasting from the necessity of appealing annually to Congress for funds.

We in public broadcasting believe permanent financing is the one major building block missing from our structure. If we achieve it, we believe that the progress shown by the medium to date will only be the beginning.

What are our chances of reaching our full potentials?

Only time will tell. In the meantime, stay tuned in to find out.

The Underground Press

by Laurence Leamer

Last year I wrote one of these pieces and ended up dead last in this magazine which I figured was a pretty accurate evaluation of you fellows' opinion of the underground press. I began by quoting an article by Eugene

The best thing about flying "The world's most experienced airline" is that it actually is the world's most experienced airline.

Pan Am® is the airline that opened the world to air travel.

In 1929, it was the Caribbean.

In 1930, South America.

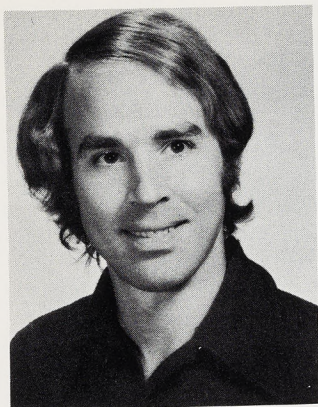
In 1935, the Pacific.

In 1939, the Atlantic.

In 1947, we put it all together and made the first scheduled passenger flight ever to circle the globe.

Today, we make it easy for you to travel the world we opened by flying to all 6 continents from over a dozen cities across the U.S.





Laurence Leamer
is also the author
of *"The Paper
Revolutionaries,"*
published by
Simon & Schuster

Lyons in the 1969 *Dateline* in which he called the underground press "a dunghill on which no flowers grow." Well, by gum, here I am back again, and I'm going to begin by quoting *Dateline* 1971.

In your account of your "event-packed year" ("OPC Had Event-packed Year" by Mark J. Henahan) you gush over your various meetings and lectures until you come to mentioning a luncheon meeting with three members of the underground press. "Most of the attendees had hoped that they would hear something that would be helpful in narrowing the generation gap," your chronicler wrote, "but many felt that the speakers offered little else but nihilistic diatribes" (see OPC Bulletin, March 27, 1971).

I narrated that panel discussion and, in particular, I remember Jackie Friedrich of *The East Village Other*

explaining why New York's media was doing such a biased job of covering the New York Panther trial. She was writing about the trial week by week, and she tried, point by point, to suggest why she believed she was doing a fair and responsible job and why the aboveground papers were not. If you'll check out an article by one of the jurors that appeared in the *Nation* soon after the jury brought in a not guilty verdict, you'll find him making many of the same criticisms and, by golly, praising Friedrich's articles as uniquely informed and objective.

Now I'm not setting myself up as the great protector of the underground press, but I'm tired of the media's patronizing and ultimately demeaning coverage of minority groups in this country—and quite obviously the underground press and the radical subculture is one of these groups. A couple of years ago the mass media discovered the Movement and the underground press, and last year the media buried them. I don't pretend to know just where the underground press is headed, but I tell you there's no sign the number of papers is declining, and I sense a growing professionalism (God forbid) in many of the papers.

This is a difficult time for the Movement and for liberals and conservatives, too. We seem to be going through a replay of 1968. And I happen to believe that you people could learn something from the underground press, just as, whether they admit it or not, the underground press has learned from you.

The beauty of the underground press is that it affects people. It hits them where they live. The underground press is one sign of our political ferment, one way of relating that ferment to people's lives. These underground journalists have been guilty of rhetorical excess beyond

Anything you say about me is fine,
so long as you spell it right.

The Red Baron

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belief, but they have been growing out of this. Their papers have continued to evolve.

I am much less impressed with the way our traditional media has evolved. Time and time again I read articles in *The Washington Post* or *The New York Times* where the writers are full of ideas and feelings, but the very forms of their craft do not allow them to say what they think and feel. Even worse is when the media decides to be "responsible", to let the harsh voices of dissent on the air. The Spectrum trip. A shriek from the left, a whine from the center, a shriek from the right. A complete cop-out.

Check out the underground press; *Ace* in New York, for example. See if I'm right. See if some of these underground journalists are trying to grapple with this world. I know I'm not. I mean, just how can one talk about an aspect of contemporary journalism in 1,000 words.

The Dollar Crisis

by Clyde Farnsworth Jr.

The crisis of the dollar was about much more than money. It signalled the end of the postwar era of American hegemony and the beginning of a new period of bloc politics in which, as a former chief executive of the European Common Market put it, "continents will speak to continents."

A nattily dressed Italian functionary illustrated one aspect of the change as he relaxed in Brussels one evening over a bottle of wine. "You Americans," he said. "Now

you can no longer play superior." Although he was smiling, there was an edge to his voice. He went on to relate an experience that had soured him for a quarter-century.

"I went to the United States immediately after the war," he said. "Since I was Italian, you know, from a fascist country, they said they had to teach me democracy. For six months I was a poor, dumb Italian getting lectures on democracy." He stopped smiling, adding, almost spitting out the words, "No longer do I have to listen to lectures from America."

There was a bit of this reaction all over Europe, and not only from people nursing a grudge. Americans had been on top too long, and, according to many Europeans, needed to be knocked down a peg. Lost in the Viet Nam quagmire, the United States was no longer seen as offering inspired political leadership. Sure, Washington had been generous with its Marshall Plan in rebuilding Europe after World War Two, but Treasury Secretary Connally sounded a little foolish in his demands for a Marshall Plan for the United States. American cities were not in ashes. The United States was still the richest country in the world.

There was another side of the coin of American generosity. The French company executive was sounding off aboard the Trans Europe Express crossing Alsace towards Luxembourg: "With an overvalued dollar you Americans were buying our industry on the cheap; furthermore, after you used your inflated dollars to get our ideas, you made us pay for the patents from your companies to get the ideas back. We were paying you for what was ours to begin with."

(Continued on page 68)

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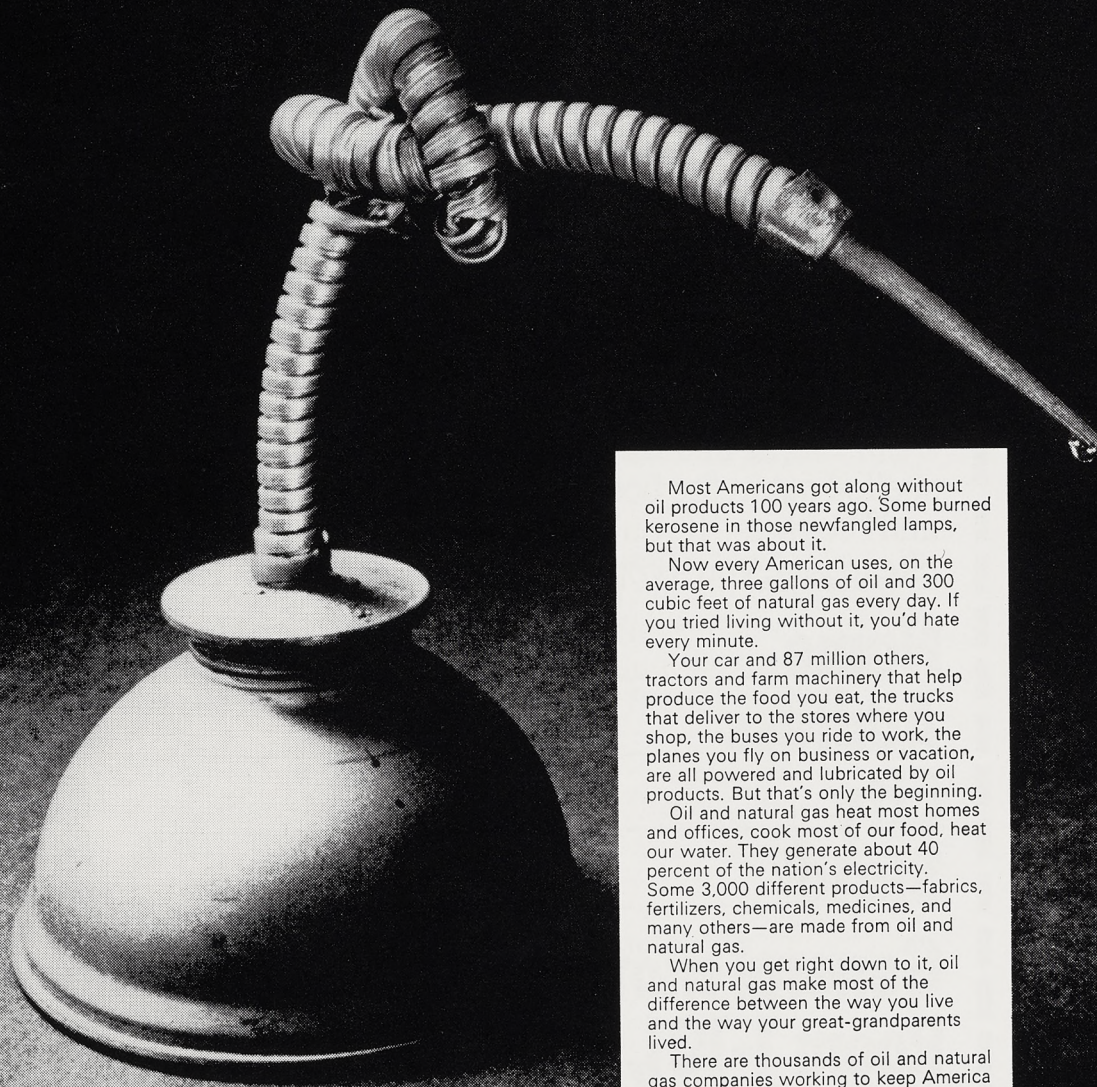
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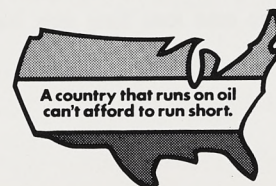
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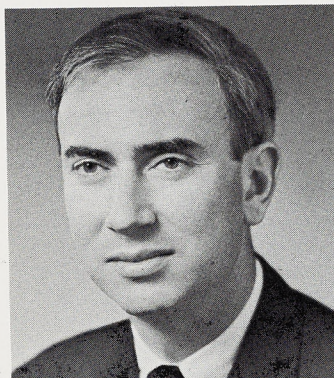
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(Continued from page 59)

The defeated powers of World War Two had become top dogs.

A corpulent German barmaid who, when younger and slimmer, saved American cigarettes as the currency of the day, looked disdainfully at the ten dollar bill laid on the table in Bonn and said, "Don't you please have some of our good German money?" All over Germany dollars used to be as good as gold, but not after that day in May, 1971, when the mark floated and the dollar crisis began in earnest. In the end they would take your dollars, but you had to pay a burgomeister's ransom for the favor.

.....



Clyde Farnsworth, Jr.,
The New York Times
Paris Bureau

.....

The Japanese had the "good" money, too. As in Germany, industry boomed in Japan, largely because of rocketing export sales in both countries. As the yen became the world's most undervalued currency, then began floating up in value as the Tokyo authorities finally loosened the tether, a phenomenon hit Western Europe: the camera-toting Japanese tourist. It had almost always been Americans from somewhere in the Middle West who got off those buses around the Place de l'Opéra. Now you were just as likely to hear the clicking shutters of a young couple from Kobe.

The retired Illinois businessman on a European tour with "the Mrs." learned the hard way on that August Monday at Heathrow about the dollar's reverses. For a while he couldn't find anyone to take his American Express travelers checks at any price. President Nixon the night before had announced his new economic program and the suspension of the dollar's convertibility, and the men behind those little barred windows at the airport didn't know what to do. So they played it safe, quoted no rates, and let the Illinois couple stew. "It was a low blow," the American businessman recalled later. "After all we did for Europe, and they wouldn't even take our money."

And so it went. Money was straining the political relationships. But what could be done about it?

American monetary politicians, in the end proving themselves pretty competent negotiators, said it was up to the other major nations to make sacrifices for the dollar. The others said the United States had to sacrifice as well, even though American unemployment, at six per cent, was running higher than any other industrialized Western nation. On these manicured playing fields of international finance (John Connally's phrase), the match was pretty rough. There were legitimate fears in the business camp that the monetary rift would lead to a major political rupture in the Atlantic world. Business confidence was deflated, and talk of international re-

cession filled the air.

President Nixon decided that to deal from strength in his meetings with Chairman Mao and Chairman Brezhnev he had better oversee repair of the monetary works pretty quickly. The Europeans and Japanese were ready to make some concessions (because they would have been the worse off in an international recession), and so was Mr. Nixon. The plans for compromise were set after the President's meeting with Georges Pompidou of France in the Azores, the French President having maneuvered himself into a pivotal position. Under the plan, everyone would sacrifice a little. The United States would have to swallow a devaluation of the dollar against gold. The other major nations would have to upvalue against the dollar. At the Washington meeting of the Group of Ten on December 18th, 1971, the United States achieved an average 12 per cent devaluation effect, which cock-a-hoop Administration officials said would put 750,000 men and women back to work over two years.

Some of the optimism born of the Washington realignment wore off as the realization became more widespread that none of the world's basic monetary ills had been cured. The authorities had hoped the realignment would so improve the climate that those basic problems could be discussed in a reasonable way by reasonable men intent on finding fair solutions. Yet, for a couple of months after December, it looked like the realignment would burst wide open. It wasn't until American short term interest rates started moving up in the second week of March that calm, at least for a brief period, returned to the exchange markets.

Next may come some of the answers to the big questions. The Bretton Woods system, under which the dollar evolved as the key currency, was good for 25 years after World War Two. Then it broke down, not simply because the dollar was pounded by the speculators (that was simply the trigger for change; the monetary war's Sarajevo) but basically because of those new power relationships. Japan and Western Europe now had real economic clout. China and the Soviet Union had already emerged as super powers. Brazil, India and Nigeria were possible new forces. The United States was no longer rich enough or willing to give its money or extend its influence the way it had in the past. Somehow, if the commercial and trading world was not to break up into destructively competing blocs, the new monetary system would have to express the political order.

The Column: Something for Everybody

by M.L. Stein

Today's newspaper hero for young people is not likely to be the tough-talking police reporter of The Front Page or the trench-coated foreign correspondent who supplied so much romance to the business. If a poll were taken, especially among journalism students, the names of Tom Wicker, Pete Hamill, Art Buchwald, Jack Anderson, Mike Royko, Mary McGrory and Nicholas von Hoffman would, in my opinion, show up as front runners. The more conservatively inclined respondents probably would pick James Kilpatrick or William Buckley Jr.

To many high school and college youngsters the personal column is "where it's at." The freedom of the columnist to sound off on political and social issues is, in their minds, a redeeming feature of an industry con-

trolled by the Establishment. The kids also like the idea that a number of the column writers are relatively young and sympathetic to social change and the youth movement.

But the politically and socially oriented column has an appeal beyond the youth market. It's a flourishing element of the print media in its battle against television as a news conduit. TV has creamed off the spot news story but the column is one journalistic device that works better in the newspapers. What video commentator has touched off the furor created by Jack Anderson's recent revelations? Who on Chicago television is doing a job comparable to Mike Royko's?



Professor M.L. Stein,
New York University,
Washington Square
College of Arts
and Sciences, Department
of Journalism

Is the opinion column influential as well as popular? The New York Times and Washington Post columns undoubtedly stir up official circles, but there is no evidence to suggest they sway the masses or generate major policy changes in government. In analyzing his influence, syndicated pundit Arthur Hoppe observed: "If it weren't for the thousands of columns I wrote on Southeast Asia, we probably would have been bogged down in a land war in Viet Nam for years." Mayor Daley is still running Chicago despite Royko's expressed distaste for him. Spiro Agnew continues his attacks on the news media with seeming disregard for the displeasure of certain columnists. Governor George Wallace has been roasted to a turn by Wicker and other liberal columnists. He still manages to draw crowds and support at the polls.

Influential or not, columnists with a personal viewpoint and a provocative style can command an audience. One example is Pete Hamill who wrote about social conditions for The New York Post. Hamill's columns range from the brilliant to the banal. At times he displays an astonishing naivete. He is, however, his own man and a charter member of the New Journalism. Thousands of readers who are only dimly aware (if at all) of Walter Lippmann, James Reston, Max Lerner, and Marquis Childs, are tuned in to Hamill, von Hoffman, Jimmy Breslin, Tom Wolfe and other activist writers.

The social critic and opinionmaker has, however, one problem rarely faced by the columnist who deals in facts alone: coming up with ideas three to six times a week. In a moment of candor, Chicago Today columnist Jack Mabley admitted that many of his offerings were "seat-of-my-pants" efforts. He is only one of a number of columnists who fly the same route. They learn quickly that the act of creation carries no guarantee of renewal no matter how harsh the demands of a deadline. The reader who expects his favorite columnist to glow at every appearance doesn't understand journalism. Satirists and humorists also experience the pains of infertility. Buchwald, Hoppe and Russel Baker are tal-

ented people, but the strain of trying to be funny on schedule sometimes shows. Their plight was summed up by a newsman who said: "When a columnist starts writing about his children, wife or dog, you know he's in trouble." Describing his job, Nicholas von Hoffman noted that "writing a newspaper column is an unnatural occupation. It's unnatural to have an opinion about everything and everybody. It's probably a species of insanity."

Whatever their problems, the pundits, commentators, wags and investigators are finding a thriving market for their wares. The gossip columnist, on the other hand, is on the decline. In the 1920's, O. O. McIntyre's mildly gossipy column made him famous throughout the United States. At one time, Walter Winchell accounted for at least a third of the New York Mirror's circulation and possibly more.

No gossip monger carries that kind of clout today. Earl Wilson, Leonard Lyons, Irv Kupcinet and Herb Caen carry on the tradition, although their style and content have the ring of antiquity. In an age featuring X-rated movies and respectable women's magazines presenting every subject from venereal disease to abortion, who is titillated by the peccadillos of jet setters? Caen, whose column appears in the San Francisco Chronicle, will probably wear longer than others in his field. He writes deftly, but his major appeal lies in his ability to reinforce daily the infatuation of San Franciscans with their city. Attempts by rival newspapers to out-Caen Caen with their own tattle columnists always ended in failure. One result is that the San Francisco press has never developed a good column of social commentary.

As the gossip column flounders, the specialized column is gaining momentum. Food and restaurant columns, almost unheard of thirty years ago, are springing up, as dining out and gourmet cooking become less esoteric. Another newcomer is the consumer column for which Ralph Nader can take as much credit as anyone. Other new subjects on the list are geriatrics, teen-age problems, money handling and travel. Meanwhile, older topics such as bridge, photography, coin collecting, etc. are holding their own.

The column has also spread into the magazines. Several general consumer periodicals feature service columns of all sorts. The column also has found its way into the news and general editorial magazines. Some of these are doubtless a reaction to the impact of television which has drawn newspapers and magazines closer together.

What should be inspiring to the beginning journalist is that the print media is looking for new ideas for columns. Even conservative newspapers are permitting liberal opinion in their pages. The young reporter who can come up with a fresh angle can leap over several hurdles on his way to fame and fortune. If he feels objectivity is too confining he can have the heady pleasure of writing just about as he pleases.

It will help, though, if he has something to say.

Fashion, Food, and Fluff Behind the Datelines

by Sandra King

Ask the average non-journalist to name a female re-



Sandra King,
Newark Star-Ledger

porter, and don't be surprised if the response is "Lois Lane."

But even Superman's girl friend—stereotyped though she was, needing Jimmy Olsen to tag along, Clark Kent to write her stories, and the man-of-steel to save her from villains—had a better deal than many women newspaper writers have today.

She was inept and inane, yet her assignments weren't limited to what men like to think of as women's news, that strange conglomeration of fashion, food and fluff.

The real-life woman who makes it through the newsroom doors is usually relegated to that irrelevant page falling somewhere between stock reports and television listings.

Newspaper city rooms are permeated by a masculine

mystique into which few women are permitted to enter.

But if she is lucky enough to get to cityside, the woman reporter generally gets stuck with frivolous features that can be fun for a change but deadly as a steady diet.

Hard news is beyond the skill and temperament of women, according to some editors. Others proudly proclaim their "gals" are treated just like a man. But how many of those "gals" do they have on their staffs?

A survey of some big city papers by Representative Shirley Chisholm, of New York, revealed a dismal future for the bright-eyed girl who plugs ambitiously away, on her college paper and looks forward to the day she'll be a real reporter.

Chisholm found that of 73 reporters employed in the Washington, D.C., bureaus of 18 major papers, only seven were women.

Turning to individual papers, she noted that the Los Angeles Times, for instance—in a city where there are 100,000 more women than men—employs 20 females among a staff of 175.

The Washington Post, according to the congresswoman, has an editorial force of 310. Only 34 of them are women. The New York Times, she charged, can point to only 62 women on an editorial staff of 557.

Chisholm's attack on the media was prompted by an invitation to the male-only Gridiron Club. Washington correspondents apparently wear their sexism with pride—and they are not unique in the business.

The newsman who so often credits himself with being urbane, sophisticated and objective has been a willing partner to keeping women in their place in many instances.

Cato the Elder warned men in 195 B.C., "Suffer wom-

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en once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will from that moment become your superiors."

Today's male reporters may be of the same mind.

Sigma Delta Chi voted to admit women only two years ago, after about a half-century of sex segregation. New Jersey's Pica Club, a group of some 200 reporters, keeps its doors tightly locked to women.

The North Jersey Press Association, representing about 150 male reporters, has excluded women throughout its 45-year history. A resolution to strike the men-only clause from its constitution was defeated last year.

The state's Legislative Correspondents Club grudgingly admits women members, but seats them at a table in the rear—next to the kitchen—when it holds its annual dinner.

The sexism confronted by the woman reporter in dealing with her employers and co-workers crops up, also, when she's trying to get a serious story—if she's lucky enough to make it up from the purgatory of family-living sections.

She may get the story, but she often has to fight harder for it by proving she's as worthy of attention and respect. Of course there are some advantages. The newspaper-woman who's willing to flirt and flatter can sometimes wheedle out a story a man couldn't get.

There are more invitations to lunch, dinner and social affairs which provide an opportunity to get information. Then there's the boon of frequently being invisible. Few people will suspect that the woman who walks into a meeting is a reporter and it's possible to hang around listening in places you're not supposed to be.

Yet, I don't know a woman reporter who wouldn't trade these advantages for the no-nonsense, businesslike approach male reporters take for granted.

Unlike many other businesses, the sexism practiced by newspapers reaches farther than its effects on individual employees. If it is true the media is influencing society at the same time it reflects it, then what of the stereotyped, negative images of women projected in the press?

Few editors would deny the feminist movement is having an impact on their writing for and about women, yet there are still female politicians referred to as grandmothers, crime suspects labeled divorcees and women too frequently described by their hair color, figure and clothing.

How often is a man's marital status given prominence in a story? Men are never called blondes or brunettes. Words like attractive, pert, and vivacious are never applied to them.

No matter how important a woman is in her own right, she generally will be identified through her husband. Many papers still refer to Miss or Mrs. (instead of using Ms. or more preferable, dropping any title), although they may not use Mr. for a man.

Chivalry? Respect? Tradition? Those are some of the excuses for such disparate treatment, but growing numbers of women are seeing it as insult, condescension and anachronism.

The women's movement is spreading the awareness that people should not be divided or discriminated against because of their biological sexual differences.

Newspapers should start to get the message and stop perpetuating policies that are not only unfair, but unrealistic. One place for an editor or publisher to start might be in his own city room, checking out the scant number of women he sees there and asking himself why.

Searching for something?

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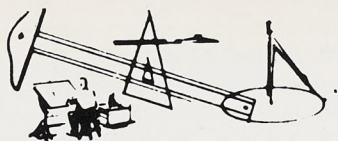
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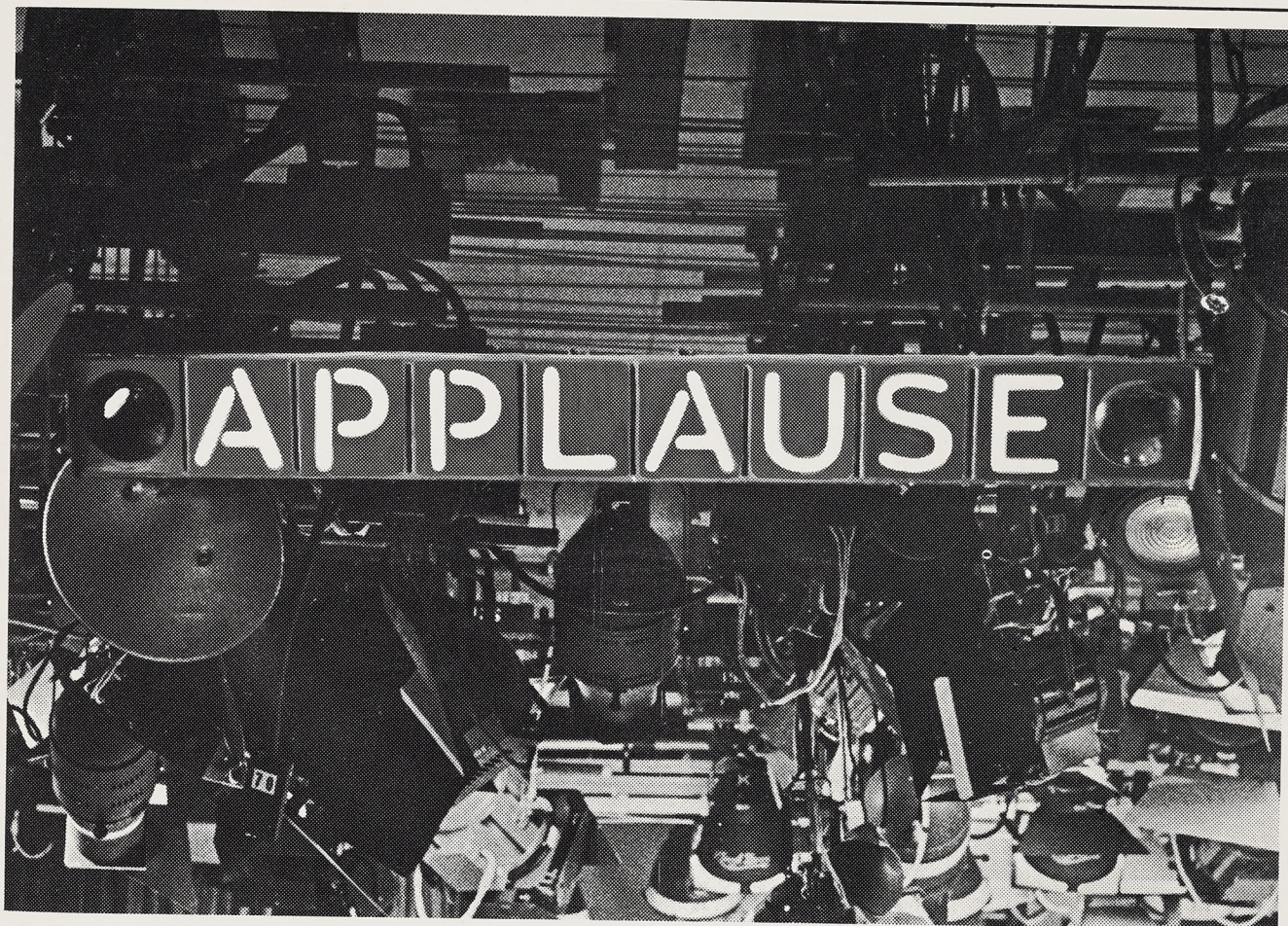
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NBC News congratulates all the journalists honored tonight.

We are particularly proud of the NBC News correspondents to be commended: John Rich with two awards for his reporting from China last year; the NBC Radio News Team for its documentary interpretation of foreign affairs; and Phil Brady for his spot news reports from abroad.

And applause to all of you who, day in and day out, contribute to the high standards of your profession.





America is running out of ways to hide its garbage.

The only trouble with garbage is the quaint habit we Americans have of hiding it in the ground.

This is bad because:

Land is too valuable to serve as a trash basket.

We're rapidly running out of landfill areas.

And garbage is simply too valuable to be swept under the carpet.

Contrary to its definition, garbage is *not* "worthless, offensive waste material." More accurately, garbage is a valuable natural resource which can, and should be "mined" and put back into use.

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